

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 8, No. 35 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors. |

Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1895.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. | Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 399

Around Town.

The present political mess, which some dignify by the name of a crisis, should convince the people of Canada who admit that they are properly represented in Parliament, that they are a lot of cowardly compromisers unfit to walk with the upright carriage of men. The Canadian who does not protest against the atmosphere of political immorality and imbecility should adopt the posture and gait of the tumble-bug, that rolls its little ball of dung along the cow-path without thought or shame of its humble attitude or occupation. As there is a dispute in progress as to what should be the national flag, I would respectfully suggest the tumble-bug. Its black and ugly shape on a white ground with its occupation rampant, would strikingly illustrate the condition of our politics and the antics of our politicians and engage other nations in wonderful contemplation of our candor in admitting that our national life is devoid of sentiment, cleanliness or honor. Those who may criticize these statements as being unduly bitter have only to consider the conditions of their own political activity or the deathly inertia which finds them one of a row of political corps too long unburied to realize the actual circumstances under which Canada is being worked. Those realizing the true cursedness of Canadian politics cannot be surprised in the least at the condition of affairs at Ottawa. As everybody knows who is conversant with the facts, it is a disgrace to, rather than an evidence of, our civilization. It would be unfair to lay all the blame at the door of the Administration, for the Government is but a thing that the people have created. The people are responsible for the Government to a greater extent than the Government is responsible to the people.

For many years I have contended that what we call "responsible government" in Canada is the most irresponsible organization of fakirs and time-servers that could possibly exist. In theory the Government is responsible to the people; in fact the people are responsible at this moment for having created and perpetuated a parliament and a government that are almost without principle, courage or honor. It is largely composed of men who were never suspected of having a principle. The dishonesty of many of them has been proclaimed from the housetops for years without discrediting them. Some of them occupying principal places have no visible means of support; the friends of the majority of them glory in the fact that they are politicians capable of taking the sharpest possible curve with the least possible amount of warning. Honorable men have been defeated everywhere to make places for these spineless creatures whose breath has been the miasma of Canadian politics. To live in the atmosphere of some of these men is enough to ruin the representatives and debauch the honor of even the better men of Canada. In clear communities an honorable record is appealed to with pride by those who have lived in such a manner that they have no fear of the criticism of their neighbors. In Canadian politics an honorable record is entirely valueless, and it has been the habit of those who control political movements to laugh at men with principle as entirely unavailable election quantities. It having become the system in primaries and conventions to select men who are so pulpy, so apt in promising everything and performing nothing, we have evolved a parliament largely made up of things political parasites, contract jobbers, voting machines and pusillanimous promoters that can be relied on to support anything or anybody who has anything to offer except principle. What is the result? Political filth, party prostitution and the old, old story of the Catholic Church dominating a degenerate parliament.

As everybody knows, Roman Catholics as a party are absolutely different from Roman Catholics as religionists—of the latter we have nothing to say, for their creed is sacred to them—though religion is made the common meeting-ground of priest and parishioner. The Church demands everything; it can only get undue advantages by utilizing corrupt men who are willing to obey over-zealous priests in order to obtain place. It is not only Catholics who obey the orders of the hierarchy to the detriment of the community; the chief danger is in close constituencies where the priest has the balance of power and the so-called Protestant member is the tool.

Methodism and certain phases of Protestantism have not been slow to imitate the perverted methods of men who are much more consistent. In Canada this has been and is becoming every day a still more crying evil, until now we stand eye to eye with a shrewd and dangerous organization which, like a giant octopus, is seizing upon the country we live in and the country we should be proud of if we have the soul of even a mouse. Everything is being traded off. Our Cabinet Ministers are prepared to truck and trade in sacred things that should never be mentioned in politics, in order to obtain place and preferment. I am glad to believe that Canada is awakening to the shocking and shameful condition of things. The crisis is being accentuated by the open and undisguised demand of French-Canadian Catholics that every member of a government must pledge himself to a certain line of conduct in order to convince recalcitrant Ministers that they are not being hum-

bugged. Yet it is obvious that they themselves are trying to humbug others. When the members of the government of a country individually demand public pledges from colleagues, when everything has descended to the level of lying and the prostitution of office until one Cabinet Minister will not believe another nor trust his fate and fortune and the endorsement of his constituency to the honor of the Cabinet of which he is a member, we have gone down to the point when we must recognize that some at least of our Cabinet Ministers are fakirs of the most contemptible variety.

The spectacle of the leader of the Opposition asking each man separately if he has "taken the pledge;" the idea that in a Canadian Parliament each Cabinet Minister's name must be written on a certain document before he is believed in, is a stigma upon the reputation of

who can, without a blush of shame, confess to a decent neighbor that he belongs to the party? In the old days of France when politics were most corrupt, a bitter critic once stigmatized a Minister as having the manners of a dancing master and the morals of a prostitute, and today our whole Government occupies quite as disgraceful an attitude; it can change its step and pose and perform, but what of its morals?—not personally, for it is unnecessary to go into that sort of thing, but politically. We drive the strumpet from our streets and politically we seem to drive them into Parliament instead of into the Reformatory. Why is it conceivable that there should be any political partisan discipline powerful enough to hold men who represent men, not things, into the servile and sycophantic attitude of permitting great big nobodies and demagogues like Ouimet—men who are political bloaters—to coerce Ontario and all the provinces that

Canada good enough for Canadians? Is it not because we have been the most shameless panders in the list of new nations? Is it not because we have given everything to the office holder and nothing to the private citizen? Is it not because the country has been conducted as the preserve of a few politicians who think they have a right to dispose of our heritage as they see fit? Is there any country on earth that could be successful that has been so wildly and improvidently devoted to politics and sectarianism? This is the land of subsidies and purchase, the country of the unclean politician and the careless elector. The very wind of an appropriation is enough to pervert a constituency or paralyze a conscience. We have come to the end of it. With a decreasing population and an increasing demand upon those who are willing to be political fools, a real crisis is presenting itself which does not mean the mere

Canada is degenerate and cowardly. Mr. Laurier is playing the game of politics as if the most sacred motives of the people were not being brought into play and trifled with. He seems to have the idea that patriotism, statesmanship and political decency have all been buried and his only chance to become Premier is to act the part of a jumping-jack and trick mule in the circus at Ottawa. The Government is rightfully enough despised, and Mr. Laurier, while devoid of many of the responsibilities of those who have a place in the administration, is also earning the contempt of the people of Canada. That during a crisis in which a man might attract almost all the people of Canada by a courageous and patriotic course, he has demonstrated himself the smallest sort of a politician and wire-puller, settles Mr. Laurier's place in history. In the lifetime of but few men does such an opportunity occur as has been disregarded by Mr. Laurier. In common with every other man in public life he has played the lowest, smallest, meanest and most sickening game that could be imagined. Government and Opposition alike seem to be made up of the sort of material that Canada ought to spew out of its mouth with disgust. If we go on electing men and encouraging men to believe that they are filling the public eye when they are really turning the public stomach, we will breed not only a race of sickening sycophants in public office, but of insincere and corrupt electors who, misled by so-called leaders, are almost certain to come to the conclusion that there is no patriotism, no decency, no cleanliness, and thus become willing tools in the hands of the small and crooked people who conduct our politics.

It is quite possible to make religion appear contemptible when those who profess it are insincere, and their lives fail to conform to the principles they profess. If in the most sacred impulses of our lives so much damage may be done by insincerity, what must be the result in politics, where degraded and unclean ideals are offered, not only to the representatives who constitute a parliament, but also to the people who elect such representatives? Are Canadians a race of cowards that have no opinions? Why should we not express ourselves freely and openly? Why should not our representatives voice the impulses that move the majority at home and in public meetings? We simply have nothing but a cowardly and contemptible dodging of issues. Our public men are everlasting making a race for some hole under the barn in which they can conceal themselves. Mr. Laurier appears now to be the most conspicuous example of those who believe in neither God nor country, the devil nor public schools, nor anything else. All he wants is a chance to twit the Government. He is on record as believing in nothing; indeed, his whole struggle has been to keep from being on record one way or the other. It is entirely immaterial what Mr. Laurier thinks or says as far as Mr. Laurier is concerned, but when he is put up as the ideal of the Reform party he should have some views, some principles, something like the look of a poet and the tricks of a fakir. However, his conduct accentuates the villainous nature of our political degeneration. His cowardice shows that courage is not prized; his dodging and crookedness are evidences that straightforwardness and probity are at a discount. If the Liberal party thinks that it can win with that sort of an equipment, those of us who are Conservatives should ask the question: What kind of an outfit have we got that such a weak and contemptible showing is supposed to be good enough to beat us?

Hitherto I have not been prone to praise Orange celebrations or glory in their size and enthusiasm, but if there was ever a period in the history of Canada demanding an organized demonstration it was on the Twelfth of July, 1895. No ebullition of Protestant sentiment in any previous year could compare with the one which answered the impudent demands of Quebec and so strongly resented the statements of Bishop Gravel that he had not only endeavored, but had succeeded by means of the Propaganda at Rome, in tampering with the decision of the Privy Council of Great Britain, the highest and, as we presumed, the most immaculate court in existence. Either he succeeded in tampering with it or he boasts of what he did not do. The result suggests more success than the most patriotic citizens would like to believe possible. In the light of Bishop Gravel's circular, Orangemen become holy cause and even the P.P.A. ceases to be objectionable. If we are to have prelates of the Roman Catholic church interfering in the very heart and circulating in the very soul, and making themselves felt in the most sacred circles of an empire in which they are not recognized, then it is time for Protestants to organize and to act together. The church must disclaim and disprove the conduct and utterance of Bishop Gravel, or else the most liberal Protestants, those least inclined to bigotry—and I number myself amongst these—will believe that every government is in a dangerous predicament that is assailed by that most far-reaching and unscrupulous of all secret societies, the Roman Catholic Church. I say this after having lived, as it were, almost under its shelter, having loved it with a fondness which has often left me open to remark, if not ridicule, but I closed the chapter and forever closed my sympathies and locked the door of that always easy place of access, liberality, when I was convinced that Bishop Gravel openly, as it were, boasted of himself as a jury-box of the Privy Council.

I happened to be late at my office last Saturday.



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

every Canadian. If we are listed as a nation of liars and contemptible wrigglers we can only blame the members of the Government who refuse to believe in one another and have made our country a spectacle amongst nations by demanding pledges and personal assurances which it has not been the habit of honorable gentlemen to give anywhere. I am a Conservative, but I am not proud of my party; I am a Canadian, and the attitude that our Government has occupied for the last few weeks has made me almost ashamed of acknowledging my nationality. We are posturing before the other nations of the world as a thoroughly corrupt and spineless aggregation of political nobodies. How can any man take a pride in his country when the conduct of his government is so absolutely venal? Is it any wonder that we are nationally unsuccessful and generally despised? How can honest men stomach the performances which have made the closing days of our Federal Parliament stink to heaven? Of what material are we made that we permit people to conduct public business in the name of the Canadian nation in this manner? What Conservative is there who is not the hirsling and tool of a ward politician, Minister that they are not being hum-

have any sentiment outside of subsidies and purchasable representatives? The devil himself could not suggest a more contemptible parliament. Not half a score of men seem to dare possess their own souls. Who ever resigned from our Parliament or from lucrative office because the business was so dirty conducted as to become unendurable? How is it Ministers remain in position as they do? Is it not for the salary? In our system men are elected to office and promoted to the Cabinet because they are so poor that they cannot resist the coercion of our contemptible politicians. It is to be hoped that this is REALLY A CRISIS and that it may produce a change. If we have reached the lowest depth, decent people may now take hold of politics and reorganize them. If not, what is to become of Canada?

It may as well be remarked that the exodus from Canada has again become a factor. The prosperity in the United States has apparently started our young people to move out. The population of Canada has held its own for the last couple of years while the neighbors to the south of us have been depressed, but there is not an old province that has held its own for the last ten years. Why is not

difference between the Grit and Tory politicians, but must mean the saving of ourselves from the paralysis of what has been left over from sixteenth-century France and 16 degrees below zero of theft and incompetence, venality and the rule of nobodies. If in the present crisis we do not take hold of affairs with strong hands and brave hearts and force our Government into shape, the more business houses and farmhouses of Canada will be vacant before the end of the century. Honest people need no advice as to the necessary procedure; party politics are not in it; the only thing we have been and would always like to be Conservatives, need consider and remember, is the fact that since even the younger generation can quote facts from personal experience, the Tory Government of Canada has been apologizing for the corruption and political misdemeanors of the race and sect that to-day is shrieking Confederation to pieces and making our people forget the real national issues.

The resolution Mr. Laurier moved on Monday and his speech in connection therewith, is but another evidence that not only the Government of this country but the whole Parliament of

day night, and as I was turning down the gas I heard a loud clear voice starting a hymn. The tricks of the chorus without a moment's preparation landed me back in old Virginia, where I heard the negro voice many, many years ago. After I locked my door and mingled with the gradually increasing crowd, he great big colored woman who was doing the better part of the singing grew into different dimensions. The sleek and wooden-legged evangelist who was with her preached and sang, but he was ineffectual. The stalwart colored woman had the gift of song, and it was for her singing that the crowd came and waited. She sang to us about angels that we might entertain unawares. This was about the time that the collection was being taken up, and I hope that but few of the audience refused to believe that angels were being entertained. Her husband sang bass with her until he got too hoarse to be heard, and best time, which was very objectionable. But last of all she sang, with her great big black stalwart negro womanhood impressing itself on every word, Jesus Christ, the Same Yesterday, To-day and Forever. As a musical production it would not pass muster; as an echo of the cabins away down in Colored Land in the days that are growing dim now, it was the soul of a people who had no fixed tenure, no official status, and who used to sing with the strangely beautiful voices that came out of unbeautiful bodies, with little quirks and quavers that belong to no written music, things that would ring in one's ears for weeks. Time and again came the repetition, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever," with the mutations of politics and the bursting of booms, and the strange fatality which overtakes friendships and the differences which even come to those who love, it seemed almost a sound from heaven to hear that natural negro voice ringing out in trumpet tones that there has been Somebody who was, and is Somebody now, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Street preachers go about arresting the attention of but few, if any, but those who can sing as that negro woman can sing may put an echo in the soul that will not soon be forgotten. I do not think I have been so much impressed since once in the old days when I was engaged in the cattle business. I was delayed in crossing the Mississippi River with a train-load of stock, and a man was singing on the levee, accompanying himself on a portable melodeon. I reckon there must have been four or five hundred stockmen around him, and they were quite willing to listen to him preach for five minutes, but at the end of that period they would shout, "Let up on the preaching and sing something." I think the first time I ever heard that Moody and Sankey hymn, The Pearl of Greatest Price, was when he sang it, and the rough-and-ready cattle-punchers and trainmen encircled it five times, and made him sing it, too. He tried to preach between spells, but they told him he either had to sing or have his melodeon broken up, and he sang. I am quite sure that his collection would buy him a couple of melodeons. His voice was one of those sweet, natural voices, with some of those little tricks in it that will startle one into the same sentiment that is experienced when the thrush or some wonderful bird is singing. Under such circumstances we do not judge by musical standards, but only feel, and it is marvelous how we would like to keep on feeling that way. I suppose it would not last, but those who can furnish such a sensation are doing good to religion and to the people, and of such was the colored woman who sang down on Adelaide street on Saturday night. Such a man it was who sang on the Mississippi levee The Pearl of Greatest Price. I do not think I would have written anything about this, only to suggest to the churches that their singing be of this soulful and heart-moving sort, instead of struggling with clefts and notes and musical funny things which never touch the heart, though they may appeal to the culture of educated musicians. I believe in high class music sometimes, but when they want to go out to seize hold of the sinner in the by-way and the sly-way and the hedges, they must attract his ear with something sweet and natural, and the preaching that he hears must be something of that same sort, or else he will remain unconvinced. The great tide that sweeps over the world with evening comes again in the morning, when people have been separated from their cares by a little sleep, and it is memory. To the average man and woman, what does memory bring? Not the recollection of some grand anthem or some wonderful sermon, but a mother-song at eventide, the family worship in the morning, the gentle hush of all nature, and, if one has memories of the South, the strange part-songs of the colored people as they answer one another from cabin to cabin. It seems to me it might be wise to recognize the moving things of sentiment, and if those in charge of these matters did so more generally, I believe that we could be more often recalled to our more natural and much more innocent state, and that we might find there a new beginning, at least discover an old anchorage, and be much more easily touched by the things which it is to be hoped our hearts will never be too hard to respond to.

Toronto seems to be enjoying a carnival of crime. For over a year the newspapers have been teeming with pictures illustrating murder in every known degree. Is it not possible that familiarity with crime, as we certainly are becoming familiar with it, may have a deteriorating effect on the readers of newspapers? The discovery of the bodies of the Pitzezel children was certainly shocking enough in itself without being accompanied by barbarous illustrations of the detectives digging in the cellar and unearthing the ghastly corpses. These productions of the imagination of so-called artists are certainly disturbing and should be distasteful. That the newspapers indulge in the production of such pictures, however, is evidence that the readers like to be shocked. How far a newspaper can satisfy such morbid curiosity without itself becoming blameworthy, should be discussed by some of the managing editors who revel in illustrated criminality.

Last week I returned from a trip through the Maritime Provinces, more than ever im-

pressed by the fact that a Canadian shows neither patriotism nor good judgment if he spends his money in a summer sojourn on the coast of the United States. After having been in every province of the Dominion and State of the Union, not only once but fairly often, I can confidently recommend Prince Edward Island as the most healthful and delightful place for a summering in America. Nothing but the expense—which is not great—of reaching this smallest and yet most attractive province of Canada, prevents it from becoming the popular summer resort of all inland Canadians. As everybody knows, it is a long thin island about one hundred and twenty miles in length and varying from two to twenty miles in width. Its soil is a red clay loam, somewhat sandy in places, and very similar to that of Cuba, which is supposed to have naturally the richest soil in the world. Almost every portion of the Island is pierced by rivers and inlets up which the tide sweeps, creating breezes that are startling to the Ontario visitor. Eighty degrees is considered unusually hot, and when the people of the other parts of Canada are sweltering, Prince Edward Island is dreaming away its primitive life, rocked by a wind that is almost always strong enough to swing a hammock. It knows little of the vicissitudes of the other provinces, and the Islander himself, while the most hospitable of men, is troubled with nothing except an anxiety for the Dominion Government to build a \$10,000,000 tunnel to the mainland, and a vague pity for those who have not the privilege of living where he does. Counting the bays and inlets, the Island must have over three hundred miles of coast, and as many of the farms run down to tide water and are available as summer homes, nearly all the tourists of Ontario could be accommodated. Prince Edward Islanders build large houses; food and labor are cheap, and four and a half or five dollars a week for board in a farmhouse, or six or seven dollars in a hotel, with the privileges of a beach, are considered reasonable figures.

To be a guest in a Prince Edward Island farmhouse is not like being a summer boarder by the lakes. The Prince Edward Islander believes that he is only half doing his duty if anything is omitted to complete the pleasure of a guest. With one accord they seem to care more for the honor of the Island and the complete satisfaction of the visitor than for the money there may be in keeping boarders. Indeed, the whole Island is something like a big village where everybody appears to know almost everybody else. The visitor at one farm is considered the guest of the province, and the tendency is to overwhelm the stranger with the gentlest and sincerest hospitality that is imaginable.

With salt-water bathing, either in the surf or in quiet bays, a climate that is never too hot and is always pleasant, level roads—good for bicycling—and easy access to all points by boat or railway, it is simply perfect as a health and summer resort. While I was in Charlottetown a couple of weeks ago the steamship *Olivet* from Boston landed over two hundred passengers, and at Hotel Davies—everybody who goes to the Island knows and likes Hotel Davies—and in the many little hotels on the beaches, the visitors found ample accommodation. Many visitors from New England and even from the Western States go there every year, and with one accord express wonder that so few appear to be aware of its attractions.

To reach this model summer resort one may take the C. P. R. at Toronto in the morning and in the evening of the next day be in Summerside or Charlottetown; or one may take the Richelieu Navigation Company's steamers to Montreal, transfer to the Canadas, and after a voyage down the St. Lawrence and in the Gulf around Gaspé, and past the Bay of Chaleurs, on the fourth day cut reach Summerside or on the fifth day Charlottetown, or Pictou on the mainland. The Quebec Steamship Company treat their passengers well, and nowhere can I remember a more delightful sail than from Montreal, past Rivière du Loup, Cacouna, Rimouski, Father Point, Cap Chat, Gaspé, Perce, with its wonderful pierced rock, to Summerside and Charlottetown. The cost is not great and the accommodation excellent. Then one may go by steamer or train to Lewis and take the Intercolonial through the watering places on the river and gulf, skirting the shore through Rivière du Loup, Cacouna, Rimouski, Little Metis (an exceedingly popular and cheap summer resort), through Campbellton to Moncton, thence to Pointe du Chene, and by the splendid steamer Northumberland to Summerside. This is a delightful trip, affording ample opportunity to see Quebec and including a delightful sail across the Strait of Northumberland.

From the Island one can go to Pictou, and thence to Cape Breton and those wonderful lakes rivaling in beauty the lakes of Switzerland. Steamers pass through the Gut of Canoe to Halifax, and from Halifax one may return to the Island or Ontario by the Intercolonial, see the beautiful Wallace Valley, where the waters divide at Folly Lake and run two different ways, or go through the Annapolis Valley, "the Land of Evangeline," to Digby or Yarmouth, and across the Bay of Fundy, where the tide rises higher than anywhere else in the world, to St. John, a city that is always cool and where the people are always hospitable. Last year as well as this season I have been in one day three or four hundred tourists from Boston and New England landed in St. John, while but few Ontario people think of going there for a holiday. As I took occasion to remark last year, the Intercolonial Railroad is one of the best managed in America, the parlor and sleeping cars are clean and most carefully conducted, and travelers are given as much attention as they can receive anywhere. I know that an idea is prevalent that because it is a Government road it is not as well managed as are private concerns. This is a mistake, and until the people of inland Canada have used it they will never appreciate its attractiveness and the charm of many of the places through which it runs.

The trip is not as expensive as the majority of

people imagine, and if there was anything that I could say or do to induce the Ontario tourist to go and see for himself, I would consider myself doing nothing but my duty if I described the trip and the country in even more glowing terms than I have used. As a people we should try to get acquainted with the folks who live in the Maritime Provinces, for they misunderstand us and we misunderstand them. If during the next few years tourists used the Atlantic coasts of Canada for summering, the strongest and most permanent ties of friendship and the greatest mutual respect would unite Confederation so closely that no political crisis would ever disturb it.

I hope the transportation companies will see fit to introduce low excursion rates and thus induce a large movement to the Maritime Provinces. The three companies I have described each have special attractions. By the C. P. R. you can get there quickest by way of Montreal and the short line through Maine to St. John, and the Intercolonial to Pointe du Chene and the steamer to Summerside. By the Intercolonial you see more of the St. Lawrence, can visit Quebec, and see all the country on the River, some of the Gulf and a great deal of New Brunswick. By the Richelieu and Quebec Steamship Companies' lines you have a long trip by water and plenty of chance to observe the characteristics of the people as the steamers call at the watering-places along the River and Gulf. This trip includes a stay at Quebec and a sight of its historical places. Is it not a liberal education in itself to learn something of Canada? Why, then, should parents who have children that they wish to enjoy the sea breezes, not use the Canadian lines and go to Canadian places and get acquainted with the Canadian people?

Money Matters.

When I wrote last the Banque du Peuple was in difficulties and had closed the Bank of Montreal for assistance. The members of the club house subscribed \$1,200 to aid the Banque du Peuple to meet the run of depositors then progressing. A few days afterwards the suspension was announced. Ostensibly the cause of the run was due to the rumors afloat that large overdrafts had been permitted, and the position of the bank as shown by the chartered bank's statement for June. It is possible that these would have passed without exciting much comment had it not been for the fact that the general manager of the bank was engaged in several outside enterprises. Confidence of the people is the first requisite of successful banking. Without it business cannot be carried on. When, therefore, a bank manager takes such a distorted view of the responsibility of his position and his obligation to the shareholders of the institution he manages, as was shown in this instance, he should be summarily discharged. The directors were to blame in temporizing. As soon as they became aware of his outside speculations they should have quickly, and quietly, made arrangements to relieve him from his duties. Banking in Canada cannot be conducted by Poo Bahs.

It will be noted from the above that this bank failure was due to local, and not general, causes. There is nothing in the situation to cause alarm. The country is prosperous, and in a short while the financial equilibrium of Montreal financial men will be restored. In Toronto very little interest is manifested in the affair.

Investors should not let slip this opportunity to get Montreal Street Railway. It can be got now at less than 200. At that price it pays 4 per cent. The 4½ per cent. bonds sold last week at 109. I should say that the stock which now pays 8 per cent. is better at 200 than the 4½ per cent. bonds are at 109, as the stock will, without doubt, pay much more in the future, while the bonds are at a fixed rate. The end of the fiscal year is now quite close at hand. I advise investment purchases at 200 or around 200.

I am friendly to Commercial Cable. As I pointed out last week, this stock is in a strong position and it will only be a matter of time before its merits are recognized by the public. Last year in a confessedly bad time the company earned 10½ per cent. on its capital stock. This year's business revival brought a largely increased business to all classes of distributors, whether it be telegraph, cable, telephone companies or railways. But Commercial Cable has profited not alone from the increased activity in business, but from the extensions in the Postal Telegraph system as well. It should be noted that the increased business it derives from this latter source has not cost the Cable Company anything. Every extension that the Postal system makes brings increased receipts to Commercial Cable without cost to the latter. I believe it will earn from 14 to 15 per cent. this year. People who buy it now and hold it for six months will make good profits.

Some of the trust stocks ought to do better.

Commerce at 136½ to 137, Standard at 163 to 164, Hamilton at 157, and Merchants at 160 to 167, are good investments.

ESAU.

Social and Personal.

Sir David Macpherson, Mrs. and the Misses Banks and Mrs. Dobell have been staying at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been away this week.

Mr. Walter S. Lee left on Saturday for Winipeg. Mrs. Lee is visiting friends in Boston and New York.

Mrs. T. Godeon and her son, Lorne, of College street, are visiting Mrs. John Worthington at the Bungalow, Muskoka.

The Domino Ball, which took place at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, as an episode of the Tennis Tournament week, was looked forward to with much anticipative pleasure by many guests. The Dominos, which, for the benefit of two anxious correspondents, I might say are large, loose sort of dressing-gowns, were imported by dozens for the event, and for an hour after dinner the room in which they were stored was besieged by men and maidens anxious to secure a garment not too long nor too hideous for wearing. The proper complement of masks was not sent, therefore the kind hostess and her corps of assistants set to work and manufactured a lot off-hand. Though not quite so smart-looking as those ordered, the masks proved effective disguises and the vanity of many a pretty dame received a severe shock when, masked and dominoed, she cast the proverbial last glance in her mirror. Everybody was the same shape, which was just no shape at all, and everybody's mask equally blank and devoid of expression. Men in queer cut black dominoes with white masks timidly hovered near the doorways, for the room was hot and the disguise was hotter. Now and then one of them would recognize a pretty hand, trim slipper

or an uncovered coiffure, and would sidle up and beg a dance. Few of the maskers, however, possessed the nerve generally necessary to such a bold course, which robbed the ball of its legitimate interest and hilarity, the idea of a masked ball being perfect freedom in greeting and acknowledgment. One tall and graceful woman wore an Eastern burnous of blue, which was at one time an ornament of a Cairo Bazaar, and the gold barbell nose-ornament with its pendant black veil, which was familiar to all at the World's Fair Plaisance. This was, I think, the only disguise not hideous in the extreme, the others varying in shades from the brilliant red, white and blue of the national flag to the washed-out tints sacred to ancient "shopkeepers" on the calico print shelves. One absurd mask, with a pink domino world too scant for his long shanks, arrived in good time with a Falstaff stomach of brazen artificiality, which he subsequently transferred to a safer altitude and developed into a hump-back. The usual humors of the dance were a good deal hampered by the shyness of the cavaliers and the oppressive heat, and pretty soon dominoes were voted a nuisance, and one by one the pretty maids, frisky matrons and knowing tennis players emerged like butterflies from their cocoons and fluttered in all the bravery of *chiffon* and swallowtail through the remainder of the dance. D' Alessandro's men played some very pretty music. Some of the Buffalo guests gave the wallflowers and chaperones a very pronounced rendering of the antique Boston dip or glide, which was quoted by a bold, bad man as "hugging set to music," but which struck me as a very stilted and uncomfortable-looking way of navigating. Among the guests was a majority of Toronto people, all looking well. Miss Kate Merritt, in a delicate silk gown, and her charming guest, Miss France, in black *chiffon* and silk; Mrs. Irving Cameron, in a handsome black gown with white lace *berthe* and *pansies*. By the way, one of the sweetest little maids imaginable is Mrs. Cameron's daughter Evelyn, who dances beautifully, and wore on this occasion a girlish little frock of green and white *aline crepon* with many floating pink ribbons. Mrs. Riordan, looking very well in black, brought her golden-haired daughter, whom we cannot make up our minds to give up to St. Kita. Miss Riordan wore black satin with, I think, some pink flowers. Miss Arthur's wore white satin; Mrs. Charles Nelson wore pink satin with white *crepe* and pearls; Miss Van Rensselaer wore a dainty heliotrope brocade; Miss Wright and her sister, of Buffalo, wore very light and pretty dresses of white *mousseline de soie* and insertion; Miss Minnie Gaylord wore a pretty little frock of white muslin, which she held up on the left side in a most fetching and coquettish fashion as she waltzed. Miss Pope, who with her mother and brothers was interested greatly in the tennis matches, wore a simple white muslin gown. Miss Houston was very sweet and graceful in heliotrope. Miss Osborne, who dances *con amore*, was in white. Others present were: Misses Morrison, Geale, Haze, Heward, Caplin, Howe, Beamish, Paterson, and C. Merritt of St. Kita.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jarvis of Detroit are summering at Spencer avenue, Parkdale.

Mrs. N. Hecklin and family have taken up residence in Parkdale at 160 Dowling avenue.

Captain William Macpherson, N.W.M.P., is down on a visit to his father, Sir David Macpherson of Chestnut street.

Mrs. Pellatt gives an At Home this afternoon at her summer residence, Victoria Park.

A very pleasant strawberry festival was held at Beverley House, the residence of Mr. Christopher Robinson, this week.

Miss Kirkpatrick and Master Eric Kirkpatrick are sojourning in the East during the heated term. I believe they are at St. Patrick's near Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Will White of Hamilton are enjoying the summer holidays at Iffracombe, Muskoka.

The many friends of Miss Norma Reynolds, the well known popular and successful teacher of vocal music, will be pleased to learn that she has become associated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music, having been appointed on the staff of that institution in the vocal department, where she will be prepared to receive pupils, old and new, after the opening of the Conservatory's fall term on September 2.

Mrs. J. Tyler and family, of Bathurst street, and her sister, Miss Jessie Milne, are spending the summer months at Iffracombe, Muskoka, where Mr. Tyler will join them shortly.

Mrs. E. A. Wills and Miss Wills, who left for the Old Country last month, are now staying at Barmouth, North Wales. They will not return until October.

Miss Platte of Sherbourne street is summering at Ottawa Beach and Detroit.

Principal MacMurphy, Miss MacMurphy and Miss Marjory MacMurphy have gone to Bathurst, N.B., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth and baby leave on Tuesday for Bathurst, N.B., for the holidays. Mr. Forsyth expects to return about September 1.

Senator Atkin and family are summering at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

WM. STITT & CO.

SALE OF SILKS

Shot Glace, Silk Crepon and Taffetas, from 50c. per yard.

Elegant Brocades, Silk Velvets, at less than cost.

Cloths suitable for tailor-made gowns, from 25c. per yard.

We are reducing the prices in our dressmaking department away down for the next thirty days.

Special prices for Trouseaux and Mourning Outfits, and will complete them on the shortest notice.

MILLINERY AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE

GLOVES

Great reduction in Gloves, both in Kid and Silk.

See our Chamois Wash Leather Gloves at 70c. per pair, in 4 and 8 bt. length.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

11 and 13 King Street East

The Work

Franz A. Bischoff

OF DETROIT

(Who is now conducting classes in china decoupage at Miss Mason's studio)

is on exhibition in our salesroom, where Mr. Bischoff will hold receptions from 5 to 6 o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

The

PANTECHNETHECA

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Frank R. Lillie, Ph. D., University of Ann Arbor, and Miss Frances Crane took place at beautiful Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, on Saturday, June 29. It was the event of the summer season, both as regards importance socially and artistic beauty, among the smart *coterie* of Chicagoans whose charming summer residences dot the shores of what a visitor views as the prettiest spot in America. It was a country wedding. The bride, who will be remembered by many Torontians whom she met last winter while visiting Mrs. Lillie, sr., and whose beauty and carriage are perfect, wore a gown of white *faille* with old Venetian point lace, a *tulle* veil, and a bouquet of white garden roses with maiden-hair ferns, and was a picture good to see as she walked alone to the flower-crowned altar. Miss Emily Crane and Miss Emilie Lillie, in simple frocks of dotted muslin, were bridesmaids, while a charming company of seven little ones, nieces and nephews of the bride, were maid of honor, flower girl, ring bearer and pages respectively. The effect was most lovely, and as the pretty procession passed through the lattice doors of flowers into the church, many minds formed the same thought. Mr. Crane gave away the bride. The best man was Mr. George Lillie, Jr., and the bride's usher, Mr. R. T. Crane, Jr. Messrs. E. A. Russell and A. F. Goritz were ushers. A reception was held at Jerseyhurst, the home of the bride's parents, on the north shore. The guests were conveyed across the lake in steam launches gaily decorated, while the bridal party drove around. After the reception, Dr. and Mrs. Lillie went aboard the launch and sailed away in a halo of silvery moonlight, in the most delightfully romantic manner. The bridal trip will take the form of a coaching tour through Wisconsin and a visit to the Atlantic coast, after which Dr. and Mrs. Lillie will take up their residence in Ann Arbor. Mr. Mrs. and Miss Emilie Lillie returned to Toronto last week.

The grounds in the rear of the beautiful church of Our Lady of Lourdes were the scene of a very delightful garden party on Wednesday of last week. The refreshments and decorations were worthy of praise, and in the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns.

An interesting family reunion took place in Buffalo of eight matrons, sisters of the late A. Blackford of Toronto. Messrs. Rand of Minneapolis, Lamb, Dodge and McWilliam of Detroit, Valentine, Taylor, Cook and Timms of Buffalo are these ladies who were *joined* and congratulated on their happy gathering by hosts of Buffalo friends. Four of the matrons have celebrated golden weddings, and some of the others expect soon to see the golden anniversary of a happy wedding day.

Mrs. Sandys of Chatham is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Denison.

Mrs. T. C. Street Macklem returned from England last week and joined Mr. Macklem in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Christie removed this week to their residence at 55 Wellesley street, where the many friends of one of the prettiest brides of the year will find her on Mondays this fall.

Mrs. Ross Robertson, with Master Irving Robertson, is at the sea-side.

A special feature of the Domino Ball was the Two-Step composed by Mr. Albert Nordheimer especially for the occasion, and dedicated by him to Miss Delano Osborne.

Among those who attended the Friday Tennis at Niagara were: Miss Dawson, Miss Lillie, Capt. Burns, Mr. Percival Ridout, Miss Banks, Miss Bush, Mr. Henry Sprague and Mr. Perkins of Buffalo, Mr. W. A. Ferguson of Montreal, Mr. Duncan Campbell, Miss K. Homer Dixon, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Gzowski, Miss G. Heward, Mr. T. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Cassells, Miss Edith Morrison, Dr. Spencer, Mrs. Spence, Miss Muckle, Dr. Holland Walker, Mrs. Walker, Mr. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Miss Boardmore, Mr. H. S. Mara, Miss Bookly, Mrs. Griffin, Mr. Cox, Mr. Alfred Boulbee, Mrs. Janes, Miss DuMoulin, Mr. Vivian, Miss Minnie Parsons, Miss Richardson of London, Mr. Jack Alley, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. C. Hamilton of Kingston.

Miss Nettie Follis of London left this week to spend three weeks in Orangeville after visiting Miss Bertie Armstrong of Fenning street.

Mrs. H. Ellis and Miss Price are the guests of Mrs. Fleury, Inglehurst, Aurora.

Mrs. Bunting and Mrs. Proctor have been spending a few days with Mrs. Riordan of St. Catharines.

Miss Plummer of College street left on Wednesday, July 10, per steamer Paris, for a two weeks' visit to Europe.

Miss Grace Weeks of Thorold spent last week with her sister, Mrs. S. T. Church, 53 Alexander street.

Mrs. H. W. Wood returned to her home in Richmond, Virginia, on Monday last, after a visit of several weeks at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Harry Ryrie.

Masters Harry and Otto Torrington are enjoying camp life in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Perrin and Miss Evelyn, their daughter, of Bleeker street are summering at Lake Range Farm, Port Elgin.

Mrs. J. B. Tinning and son, of 15 Trantby avenue, accompanied by Miss Neal of San Diego, California, have left for a trip to Montreal and Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Miss Boultton of Toronto; Mrs. Lewis, nurse and children, of London; Mr. and Mrs. Read and Mr. Easton from New York, are at Ferndale House, Muskoka.

The following are the arrivals at the Belvidere Hotel, Parry Sound: Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Prentice, Mr. D. Y. Leslie of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Ray, Miss Forbes, Dr. A. T. Scott, Mr.



Mantles

Style
Variety
Finish

THE QUESTION of Mantles and the low prices at which we are selling them is simply a matter of understanding. We bought our stocks for the old corner and now we are simply OVERCROWDED.

45c—Ladies' Light Colored Capes.
51c—Ladies' Double and Single Capes.
53c—Ladies' Print Costumes.
90c and up—Ladies' Print Wrappers.

Waterproofs, 89c, 92.50, 93.50, 94.75 and 96.50.

Every Requisite for Campers Kept in Stock—Prices Away Down
During Re-building
84, 86, 88, 90 Yonge Street

R. SIMPSON

and Mrs. W. H. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Maclean, Master Gerald A. Maclean and nurse, of Toronto; Mr. D. L. White of Saginaw; Mr. W. E. Bingley of Bay City; Mr. and Mrs. Peil of England; Mrs. Boulster of Scranton; Dr. W. E. Buchan of London; Mrs. N. H. Rodgers, two children and maid, of Cleveland; Mrs. McPherson of Hamilton.

Mrs. R. B. Brimer and family have gone to Sparrow Lake for the summer months.

Miss Lillie Smallpiece of Avenue road is staying with Miss Kate Reynolds of Park Guelph.

Mr. Herbert Wetherald is spending his summer holidays with his aunt at Hillcrest Cottage, Windermere, Muskoka.

Miss Lillian Johnstone and Miss Emily Robinson are the guests of Mrs. John Campbell, at Long Lake Cottage, Bala, Muskoka.

Mrs. C. Ladd Lugdin of Euclid avenue is visiting friends in Detroit. On her return Mr. and Mrs. Lugdin will take up their residence at Center Island.

Mr. J. M. Clark, M.A., of McPherson, Clark & Jarvis, sailed for the Old Country last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gibson of Oaklawn, Deer Park, have returned from their wedding trip. They spent three delightful months of travel in England, Scotland and France.

Messrs. M. Hutchinson and R. S. Williams were in town for the bowling tournament on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Brown of Huron street, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Denton of Borden street, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Winter of St. Andrew street and Mrs. George Lewis of Queen street west are spending the summer at Bond's Lake, Oak Ridges.

A very successful and enjoyable dance was given on Friday evening, July 12, at Park House, Guelph. Mrs. Reynolds was assisted by her daughters, also Mrs. T. Keating, Mrs. (Dr.) Orton, Miss Grenside, Miss Finlay, Miss Bond, Miss Pipe, and the Misses Mills.

Mrs. Reynolds was prettily attired in black and white silk. The house was tastefully decorated with marguerites, ferns and carnations. Between the waving branches of trees in the orchard and on the spacious lawn could be seen the glimmer of many Chinese lanterns. Secluded seats and a cosy summer-house were near by where a happy couple could feel safe from intrusion. Supper was served in an ante-room, where Mrs. Orton and Mrs. Keating gracefully presided. Thither the light-hearted dancers went to refresh themselves with the dainty viands there to be found. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds received their guests, who numbered about two hundred and fifty, at the drawing-room door. Among those present were: Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Loucks of Ottawa, Mrs. McLachlan of Montreal, Dr. and Mrs. Grenside of Niagara, Miss Wells of New York, Mr. Mabee and Miss Lillie Smallpiece of Toronto, Dr. and Mrs. Lett, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Archdeacon and Mrs. Dickson, Prof. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Harvey, Mrs. Oxnard, Messrs. Nelles, Lamprey, Mills, Dunbar, Doherty, Herod and Morris.

Mr. W. T. R. Preston, the Legislative librarian, sailed this week for England.

Miss Vera of Atherton, England, who has been in this country for the last year, sailed on the Lusitania last Saturday.

Mrs. Charles B. Lowndes and Miss Florence Lowndes left on Monday last to visit friends in Avondale, Cincinnati.

Miss Sibbitt of Brantford is visiting Miss Beasley of Parkdale.

Mrs. Church of Rosedale has returned from Quebec, where she was the guest of the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Chapleau.

The following are at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe: Mr. and Mrs. John Gray Gibson, Miss Gibson, Mr. F. E. Ritchie, Mr. Justice C. H. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. James Haveron, Mrs. Lumadon, Miss Whitney, Miss Richardson, Mr. Robert Birmingham, Mr. A. Birmingham, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. George Joseph, Mrs. Lewis, Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. H. Morgan, Miss M. Stern, Mrs. K. Blake Watkins, Dr. and Mrs. Jerold Ball, Messrs. W. J. McClelland, E. A. F. Miles, G. E. Gray, G. H. Gray, J. P. Hodges, M. D. Muir, J. P. Brooke, John Beer, R. D. Stovel, Howard G. Fletcher, William W. Dickson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Miss Gilmour of Montreal, Mrs. B. Ross, McConkey of Guelph, Miss May Laidlaw, Miss McConkey and Dr. Bosanko of Barrie.

The following are registered at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park: Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wilson, Mrs. Blackford, Telephones 3445 and 4239.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Chills

Colds

Death

May all be avoided during the summer by protecting yourself sufficiently from the cool evening temperature with a nice, warm SHAWL or WRAP, specially recommended for—

THE ISLAND THE STEAMER THE SEASIDE

They are so convenient for putting on or laying aside just as occasion requires. We carry an immense variety, in the very best makes, marked at prices which cannot be beaten anywhere. Just now we are making a special run on a large shipment of REAL WELSH WRAP SHAWLS at \$2.50 each, which were formerly \$4 apiece. From the fact that our entire time and attention are given to *Dry Goods only*, we are enabled to offer *Highest Class Goods* at prices asked for inferior qualities, and invite comparison to substantiate this claim.

Write us if away from town.

JOHN CATTO & SON, King St., Toronto

"Thistle" Haddies



These fish are noted for their reliability of quality, and are more wholesome and digestible than Salmon.

No MUSTY FLAVOR
Absolutely Pure Non-Alcoholic

A Delicious Beverage
Purifying to the Blood

Therefore...
Excellent for the Complexion
AS SUPPLIED TO
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN

For Sale by All Reliable Dealers



she? Well, I'll just let that backbiting gossip know she can't run around slandering the best man in this town! Poor creature, indeed! He's worth a thousand Tom Gossipers, and I'll let her know it! Wait till I get my bonnet."

Help Me Out.

Amateur Shorthand Reporter (on the way to the hall where the meeting is to be held)—Now be sure to remember to start a round of applause whenever you can see an opportunity.

Friend—All right; but what for?

Amateur Shorthand Reporter—So as to give me a chance every now and then to catch up.

Nothing So Aristocratic.

Harper's Bar.

"My daughter is too democratic in her ideas," sighed Mrs. Hawkins. "I wish there was some way to make her an aristocrat."

"Send her to a cooking school," said Mrs. Barlow. "There is nothing more haughty in this world than a good cook."

A Contented Man.

An eccentric shopkeeper stuck up a board over his door, upon which was painted the following:

"I will give this business to any man who is contented."

He very soon had an applicant.

"Well, sir, are you a contented man?"

"Yes, sir, very."

"Then what do you want with my business?"

The applicant did not stop to reply.

Where's My Bonnet?

Mrs. Gladley (tearfully)—I don't care who knows it! My husband has got to give up either me or his lodge! He gets worse and worse; I don't believe he'll ever be any account, the worthless brute!"

Neighbor (soothingly)—I didn't think it was so bad. But Mrs. Gossiper did tell me, yesterday, that your husband was a poor creature at best."

Mrs. Gladley (flaring up)—Oh, she did, did.

Books for Summertime

What better company can you have through a summer day than a good book? On the lake, in the woods, by rail, by boat, wherever you are or wherever you go, you will feel the need of a book. Don't go away without seeing our entire selection. Complimentary expressions with regard to our stock are constant, and we are sure to suit you.

WM. TYRELL & CO.

Successors to Retail Department of Hart & Riddell
Booksellers and Stationers

12 KING STREET WEST TORONTO

A Treat

Very choice California Peaches, Plums, Pears, etc., also Bananas, Tomatoes and Vegetables, suitable for shipping to Muskoka and other places. Carefully selected and packed.

F. SIMPSON,

756 and 758 Yonge St.

Telephones 3445 and 4239

BAIN'S Bookstore

53 King East

Toronto, Ont.

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG

41 King Street West

The Very Latest and Most Fashionable

Millinery Novelties and Veilings

NOW ON VIEW

MISS B. PATON

(Late of R. Walker & Sons)

The Fashionable Dressmaker

Has just returned from New York after inspecting the latest styles in American, French and English dresses.

5 King St. West (Over Michie & Co.)

No. 10 Washington Avenue

Six doors east of Spadina avenue

Formerly of Gerrard Street East, is now conducting her Dressmaking establishment at above address.

Evening dresses and trousseaux a specialty.

ACCORDION PLAITING

194 King Street West, Toronto

All kinds plaiting done. ACCORDION PLAITING a specialty. Remember the address.

The Professor's Experiment.

BY MRS. HUNGERFORD

Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Brankomere*, *The Duchess*, *A Born Couquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

COPYRIGHTED, 1895, BY MRS. HUNGERFORD

CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED).

Wyndham, congratulating himself on the success of his latest enterprise, takes himself off presently to inspect a farm five miles farther out in the country, that had been left to him by his mother, with the Cottage. He has determined on taking the Rectory on his way back to meet the evening train, to enlist further Mr. Barry's sympathy for his tenant. He tells himself, with a glow of self-satisfaction, that he is uncommonly good to his tenant; but so, of course, he ought to be—that dying promise to the Professor being sacred, and if it were not for the affection he had always felt for that great, dead man, he would beyond doubt never have thought of her again. . . . There is much moral support in this conclusion.

Yes, he will spend half an hour at the Rectory. He can get back from the farm in plenty of time for that, and Miss Manning being an old friend of the Rector's, the latter will be even more inclined to take up her pupil, which will be a good thing for the poor girl. He repeats the words "poor girl," and finds satisfaction in them. They seem to show how entirely indifferent he is to her and her fortunes. That mental slip of his a while ago had alarmed him slightly. But "poor girl," to call her that precludes the idea of anything like—Pshaw!

He dismisses the "poor girl" from his mind forthwith and succeeds admirably in getting rid of her, whilst blowing up his other tenants on the farm. But on his way back again to Curraghcloyne her memory once more becomes troublesome.

To-day, so far, things have gone well. She had seemed satisfied with Miss Manning, Miss Manning with her. And as for the fear of an immediate scandal, that seems quite at rest. But in time the old worry is sure to mount to the surface again. For example, when Mrs. Prior hears of her—Ella—he wishes now, trudging grimly over the uneven road, that he had not led that astute woman to believe his tenant was a man—as she inevitably must, there will be a row on somewhere that will make the welkin ring, and after that, goodbye to his chances with Lord Shangarry, who has very special views about the right and the wrong.

If only this silly girl could be persuaded to come out of her shell and mingle with her kind, all might be got over after a faint wrestle or two, but no! Angry he tells himself that there is no chance of that. Soft as she looks, and gentle, and lov—(h'm—he kicks a stone out of his way) and pleasant-looking and all that, he feels absolutely sure that nobody will be able to drag her out of her self-imposed imprisonment.

After this diatribe it is only natural that he should, on entering the Rectory garden, feel himself a prey to astonishment on seeing amongst a turbulent group upon the edges of the tennis court the "poor girl" laughing with all her heart.

He stands still within the shelter of the laurels to ask himself if his eyesight has failed him thus early in life. But his eyesight still continues excellent, and when he sees the "poor girl" pick up Tommy and plant him on her knee, he knows that all is well with his visual organs.

The fact is that almost as he left the Cottage by the front gate, Susan had run across the road and hammered loudly at the little green one. This primitive knocking has become a signal now with the Barrys and Ella, and soon the latter had rushed to open the door. There had been entreaties from Susan that she would come over now—now, at once, and have a game of tennis with them. She did not know tennis. All the more reason why she should begin to learn, and Aunt Jemima was quite pining to know her.

"Yes, do come!"

"No—no, I can't. I have said I would never leave this place."

"Oh! That—of course—but—oh!—"

Here Susan breaks off abruptly. Who is that pretty, tall lady coming down the path? It is Miss Manning, and Ella very shyly introduces Susan to her.

"Miss Manning, tell her to come and play tennis with us this afternoon," says Susan. "Not a soul but ourselves, and she's very lonely here. Father says she ought to see people."

"I think as your father does," says Miss Manning gently.

"And will you come too?" asks Susan. "Aunt Jemima," with born courtesy, "will come and see you to-morrow, but in the meantime—"

"I am afraid I have some unpacking to do," says Miss Manning, smiling, having fallen in love with Susan's soft, flushed face and childish air. "But if you can persuade Ella—I know, my dear," to Ella, who has turned a sad face to her, a face that has yet the longing for larger life upon it, "that you wish never to leave this place. But to go just across the road. . . . And there is no one there, Miss Barry tells you; and it is only a step or two, and," smiling again, "if you wish it, I'll go over in an hour and bring you back again."

"No, don't do that," says Ella. "You are tired." She hesitates. Then looks out of the gateway and up and down the lane. It is quite empty.

"Well, I'll come," says she, giving her hand to Susan. It is evidently a desperate resolve. Even as she says it she makes a last drawback, but Susan clings to her hand and pulls her forward, and together the girls run down the lane to the Rectory gate and into it. Ella all the time holding Susan tightly, as if for protection.

This was how it happened that Ella first left the shelter of the Cottage. She was most kindly received by the Rector, who spared a moment from his precious books to welcome her—and even agreeably by Aunt Jemima. Ella had gone through the ordeal of these two

introductions shyly but quietly. She had, however, been a little startled at finding that added to the Barrys congregated on the lawn (a goodly number in themselves) there was a strange gentleman. Crosby struck her at first sight as being formidable!—an idea that, if the young Barrys had known it, would have sent them into hysterics of mirth.

Crosby had strolled down early in the afternoon, and now Wyndham, standing gazing amongst the shrubberies, can see him turn from Susan to say something or other to Ella.

Wyndham in his voluntary confinement feels a sharp pang clutch at his breast. He stands still, as if unable to go on—watching the little pantomime.

Tommy is speaking now. The child's voice rings clear and low.

"I'll tell you a story." He has put up a little fat hand and is pinching Ella's cheek. Ella has caught the little hand and is kissing it. How pretty. . . .

"Silence!" cries Crosby gaily. "Tommy is going to tell Miss Moore a story."

There seems something significant to Wyndham in his tone. Why should he demand silence in that imperative manner, just because Miss Moore wishes a story to be told to her? He hesitates no longer; he comes quickly forward and up to the group.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"To feel every prompting of pleasure,
To know every pulsing of pain—
To dream of Life's happiest measure,
And find all her promises vain."

Susan sees him first, and pushing Bonnie gently from her, rises to meet him.

"How do you do!" says she.

"That you, Wyndham!" cries Crosby. "You are just in time to hear Tommy's story. Miss Moore has promised to lend him her support during the recital." For all Crosby's lightness of tone there is a strange scrutinizing expression in his clever eyes as he looks at Wyndham. He knows that Ella Moore's presence here must prove a surprise to him, and how will he take it? The girl seems well enough, but—And if Wyndham has been capable of placing so close to this family of young, young people someone who—

He is studying Wyndham very acutely. But all that he can make out of Wyndham's face is surprise and something that might be termed relief: nothing more. As for the girl! She is the one that looks confused. She rises, holding Tommy by her side, and looks appealingly at Wyndham. She would have spoken perhaps, but that the Rector, who has not yet gone back to his study, takes up the parable.

"We are very glad to have persuaded Miss Moore to come here to-day," says he, in a tone to be heard by everyone. "She has told me that you came down this morning, bringing Miss Manning with you. That will be a source of pleasure to us all I am quite sure." He bows his courteous old head as amably as though Miss Manning over the road could hear him. It is a tribute to her perfections. After this he buttonholes Wyndham and draws him apart a bit.

"She's a nice girl, Wyndham. A nice girl. I really think. A most guileless countenance! But not educated you know. Betty and Susan—more children as they are—could almost teach her."

The Rector sighs. He always regards his girls as having stood still since his wife's death. Children they were then, children they are now. Had not seemed to live himself since her death. After that, indeed, all things stood still for him.

"Yes. But she seems intelligent—clever," says Wyndham a little coldly.

"I daresay. And now you have secured Miss Manning for her! That was a wise step," said the Rector thoughtfully. "She owes you much, Wyndham. I was glad when Susan persuaded her to come over here to-day. But I doubt if she will consent to go further. She seems terrified at the thought of being far from your—her home. Have you not yet discovered any trace of that scoundrel, Moore? The bond between them might surely be broken."

"There is no bond between them. Of that I am convinced," says Wyndham.

"I trust not. I trust not," says the Rector. He makes a little gesture of farewell and goes back to his beloved study, his head bent, his hands clasped behind his back as usual.

"We're waiting for you, Mr. Wyndham," calls out Betty, arching her slender neck to look over Dominick's shoulder. The wind has caught her fair fluffy hair and is ruffling it. "Tommy's story is yet to tell."

"I am afraid I have some unpacking to do," says Miss Manning, smiling, having fallen in love with Susan's soft, flushed face and childish air. "But if you can persuade Ella—I know, my dear," to Ella, who has turned a sad face to her, a face that has yet the longing for larger life upon it, "that you wish never to leave this place. But to go just across the road. . . . And there is no one there, Miss Barry tells you; and it is only a step or two, and," smiling again, "if you wish it, I'll go over in an hour and bring you back again."

"No, don't do that," says Ella. "You are tired." She hesitates. Then looks out of the gateway and up and down the lane. It is quite empty.

"Well, I'll come," says she, giving her hand to Susan. It is evidently a desperate resolve. Even as she says it she makes a last drawback, but Susan clings to her hand and pulls her forward, and together the girls run down the lane to the Rectory gate and into it. Ella all the time holding Susan tightly, as if for protection.

This was how it happened that Ella first left the shelter of the Cottage. She was most kindly received by the Rector, who spared a moment from his precious books to welcome her—and even agreeably by Aunt Jemima. Ella had gone through the ordeal of these two

introductions shyly but quietly. She had, however, been a little startled at finding that added to the Barrys congregated on the lawn (a goodly number in themselves) there was a strange gentleman. Crosby struck her at first sight as being formidable!—an idea that, if the young Barrys had known it, would have sent them into hysterics of mirth.

At this there are distinct groans of fear. "Oh, Tommy!" says Susan, in woeful tones, who can now pretend to be really frightened with a free heart. Evidently Tommy's story this time is going to be of the mildest order. "He didn't really eat him!"

"He did. He did!" says Tommy, delighted at Susan's fright. "He ate him all up. Every bit of him!"

Here Susan lets her face fall into her hands, and Tommy relents.

"But he wasn't killed," says he. He looks anxiously at Susan's bowed head. "No, he wasn't!" Susan lifts her head and shakes it at him reproachfully. "Well, he wasn't, really," says Tommy again. This repetition is not only meant as a help to Susan to mitigate her extreme grief, but to give him pause whilst he makes up another chapter.

"Oh, are you sure?" asks Susan tragically.

"I am. The fish swallowed him, but he came up again."

"Who gave the emetic?" asks Dominick, but very properly no one attends to him.

"Yes, well, what's after that?" asks Betty.

"Well," Tommy stares at the earth and then, with happy inspiration, "the nasty witch got him."

"Poor old soul," says Carew.

"The witch, Tommy? But—"

"Yes. The witch," angrily. "An' then the goat said—"

"Goat! What goat?" asks Ella, very naturally, considering all things.

"That goat," says Tommy, who really is wonderful. He points his lovely fat thumb down to where, in the distant field, a goat is browsing. His wandering eye had caught it as he vaguely talked, and he had at once embezzled it and twisted it into his imagination.

"Yes?" says Susan, seeing the child pause, and trying to help him. "The goat!"

"The goat—an' the witch." Long pause here, and plain incapacity to proceed. Tommy has evidently come face to face with a *cul de sac*.

"Hole in the Ballad," says Dominick to Betty in a low tone.

"Go on, Tommy," says Susan encouragingly. Really Tommy's story is so presentable this time that she quite likes to give him a lift, as it were.

"Well, the witch fell down," says Tommy, giddy to endeavor. "An' the goat sat on her."

"Not on her," says Susan, with dainty protest. "You know you frightened me once, Tommy, but now—"

"Yes, they did, Susan. They did." In his excitement he has duplicated the enemy. "They all sat down on her! Every one of them. Twenty of them!"

"But, Tommy, you said there was only one goat."

This is rash of Susan.

"I don't care!" cries Tommy, who is of a liberal disposition. "There was twenty of them. An' they all sat down on her. First on her stomach, an'" solemnly turning himself, and clasping both his fat hands over the sea of his small breeches, "an' then on her here!" He lifts his hands and smacks them down again. He indeed most graphically illustrates his "here"!

There is an awful silence. Susan, stricken dumb, sits silent. She knew how it would be if she let that wretched child speak.

Shamed and horrified, she draws back, almost praying that the earth may open and swallow her up quick. She casts a despairing glance at Crosby to see how he has taken this horrible fiasco, before following Dathan and Abiram, but what she sees in his face stops her prayers, and, in fact, reverses them.

Crosby is shaking with laughter, and now, as she looks, catches Tommy in his arms and hugs him. Another moment and Betty breaks into a wild burst of laughter, after which everyone else follows suit.

"I'm going to publish your story, Tommy, at any price," says Mr. Crosby, putting Tommy back from him, upon his knee, and gazing with interest at that tiny, astonished child.

"There will be trouble with the publishers. But I'll get it done at all risks to life and limb. I don't suppose I shall be spoken to afterwards by any respectable person, but that is of little value when a literary gem is in question."

Tommy not understanding, but scuttling fun, laughs gaily.

"I don't think you ought to encourage him like that," says Susan, whose pretty mouth, however, is sweet with smiles.

"One should always encourage a genius," says Crosby, undismayed.

There is a little stir here. Tommy has wriggled out of Crosby's lap and has gone back to Ella, who receives him with—literally—open arms. Wyndham is watching her curiously. Her manner all through Tommy's absorbingly interesting tale has been a revelation to him. He had found out for one thing that he had never heard her laugh before, at all events not like that. No, he had never heard her really laugh before, and, indeed, perhaps poor Ella in all her sad young life had never laughed like that until now. It had been to the shrewd young barrister as though he had looked upon her for the first time to-day, after quite two months of acquaintance. He who prided himself, and had often been complimented on his knowledge of character, his grasp of a client's real mind from his first half-hour with him or her.

Her mirth had astonished him. She, the pale, frightened girl, to laugh like that! There had been no loudness in her mirth either; it had been soft and refined, if very gay and happy. She had laughed as a girl might who had been born to happiness in every way—to silken robes and delicate surroundings, and all the paraphernalia that go to make up the life of those born into families that can count their many grandfathers.

He thinks had astonished him. She, the pale, frightened girl, to laugh like that! There had been no loudness in her mirth either; it had been soft and refined, if very gay and happy. She had laughed as a girl might who had been born to happiness in every way—to silken robes and delicate surroundings, and all the paraphernalia that go to make up the life of those born into families that can count their many grandfathers.

"I want to tell my own story," says Tommy, with determination. He is evidently a boy possessed of much firmness, and one not to be done by anyone, if he can help it."

"But Tommy," persists Susan, who has disengaged from her study, her head bent, her hands clasped behind her back as usual. "I think you had better not tell one just now. We—that is—"

"Oh! do let him tell it," says Ella softly.

"My dear Susan," says Crosby, "would you deprive us of an entertainment so unique? One we may never enjoy again!"

"Well, go on, Tommy," says Susan, resigning herself to the worst.

"There once was a man," begins Tommy, and pauses. Silence reigns around. "An' he fell into a big bit of water!" The silence grows profounder.

"Twas as big as this," making a movement of his short arms a foot or so from the ground.

"Eye—Up-glancing brightly mischievous, a spring

Of brimming laughter welling on the brink
Of lips like flowers, small cascading hands

"He is evidently pointing this nigger melody

at Betty, who has been rash enough to go walking out with him. She has gone even farther. She has condescended to sing a second to his exceedingly loud fire, a stroke of genius

The Leading Analysts and...

Physicians of First Rank

All speak in favor of</p

July 20, 1895

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5

thing! I declare he's as touchy about her as though she were his best girl."

"What's a best girl?" asks Betty.

"The one you like best."

"Well, perhaps she's his," growing interested. "Susan, I do believe he is in love with her."

"Do you?" says Susan thoughtfully. "And then, 'Os, no. Boys never fall in love."

"Dom thinks they do," says Betty, turning a saucy glance on Fitzgerald. She flings a rose at him. "Who's your best girl?" asks she.

"Need you ask?" returns that youth with his most sentimental air.

"I don't think I quite approve of her," says Miss Barry, joining in the conversation at this moment, and shaking her curls severely. "I thought her a little free this afternoon."

"Oh, Auntie!"

"Certainly, Susan! Most distinctly free."

"I thought her one of the gentlest and quietest girls I ever met," says Carew, who has strolled back to them, after his short ebullition of temper, unable indeed to keep away.

"What do you know of girls?" says Miss Barry scornfully.

"I'm sure she's gentle," says Dominick, who is so devoted to Carew that he would risk a great deal, even his friendship, to keep him out of trouble, "and very, very good, because she is beyond all doubt most femininely dull."

"Pig," says Betty in a whisper. She makes a little movement towards him, and a second later gets a pinch and a wild yell out of him.

"What I say I maintain," says Miss Barry magisterially. "She may be a nice girl. A gentle girl. The grandest girl that was ever known! I'm the last in the world to deprecate anyone. But who is she? That's what I want to know. And no one knows who she is. Perhaps of the lower classes for all we know. And indeed, I noticed a few queer terms of speech. And when I said she was free, Susan—I meant it. I heard her distinctly call that child pointing to him—"Tommy. Now if she is as I firmly believe—(your father is a person of no discrimination, you know), a person of a lower grade than ourselves, didn't it show great freedom to do that? Yes. She distinctly said 'Tommy'."

"Well, she didn't say 'Hell and Tommy,' anyway," says Dominick, who sometimes runs over to London to see the theaters.

"If she had," says Miss Barry with dignity, who has never seen the outside of a theater, "I should have had no hesitation whatsoever in sending for the sergeant and giving her in charge."

(To be continued.)

The Iceman Has Come.

Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A woman residing in a flat ordered a piece of ice from the grocery. The youth who brought it was a German. He put it on the dumb-waiter in the basement to be hoisted up. She pulled away.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed; "how heavy this ice is! The grocer must have given me good weight."

By great exertion she succeeded in getting the dumb-waiter up. To her astonishment she found the boy seated on the ice. With what strength she had left she demanded:

"What did you make me pull you up here for?"

"Why," replied the boy, "I thought the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so I came up to help you off with it."

This Sheriff Had Nerve.

Washington Post.

"The bravest act I saw during my residence in Leadville," said Payton R. Hull, who spent upward of ten years in the camp, "was when a mob tried to lynch a man and the Sheriff prodded him."

"A lawyer named Early was trying a case before Justice of the Peace De Long. A dispute arose between him and the counsel on the opposing side, and the latter pulled his gun and attempted to shoot Early. Before he could pull the trigger—or, at least, before he could hit Early—the latter, whose marksmanship was somewhat better, fired across the table and killed his opponent. The shooting was altogether justifiable, but people were sick of such tragedies, and in less time than it takes to tell it a mob formed and an attempt was made to lynch the lawyer. Among the crowd were several policemen, who, instead of trying to quiet the outbreak, were as loud as the rest in shouting for Early's blood, and the situation was critical to a fine point."

Early had not yet left the court room, and nothing on earth apparently stood between him and a horrible death, when a man appeared on the scene whose nerve was sufficient to paralyze the clamorous mob and save the lawyer's life. The court room was but a short distance from the county jail, and the outbreak had been witnessed almost from its starting by the Sheriff. This official was a big German named Peter Becker, who, before he was elected sheriff, ran a saddlery shop on Chestnut street. Becker, as soon as he saw the mob forming, ran over to see what the trouble was, and darted upstairs into the court room, where he found Early and the dead man, and was briefly informed what had transpired and the situation was critical to a fine point.

"Early had not yet left the court room, and nothing on earth apparently stood between him and a horrible death, when a man appeared on the scene whose nerve was sufficient to paralyze the clamorous mob and save the lawyer's life. The court room was but a short distance from the county jail, and the outbreak had been witnessed almost from its starting by the Sheriff. This official was a big German named Peter Becker, who, before he was elected sheriff, ran a saddlery shop on Chestnut street. Becker, as soon as he saw the mob forming, ran over to see what the trouble was, and darted upstairs into the court room, where he found Early and the dead man, and was briefly informed what had transpired and the situation was critical to a fine point."

"Do as I tell you," Becker said to Early, "and I'll take you to jail and no mother's son shall touch you."

"The mob was just about to rush upstairs, when they saw Early and the Sheriff coming to meet them. Early was in front and Becker behind, both arms around the lawyer's waist and each hand holding a sinister-looking six shooter pointing straight at the crowd, his eyes watching every movement they made over Early's shoulder. He was using the lawyer's body as a breastwork, while at the same time he was protecting him with his revolvers. When they reached the foot of the stairs Becker told the mob to fall back.

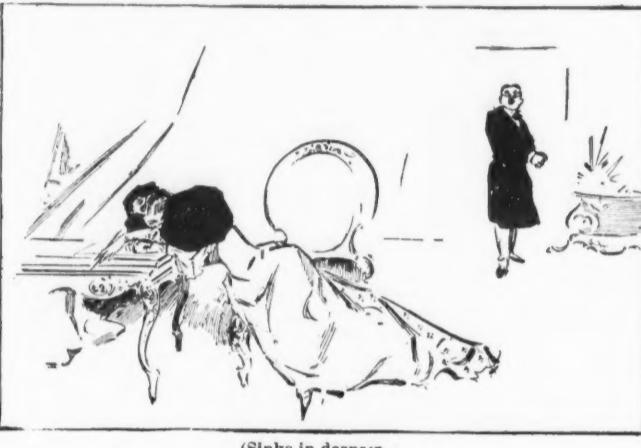
"I'm going to take this man to jail!" he cried out above the confusion. "He is my prisoner and is going to be protected if it takes my life. You can't kill him without killing me, and if any man lays a hand on him while he is in my custody, I'll drop him in his tracks! Now clear the way!"

"He pushed Early before him and passed into the crowd, the Sheriff walking step by

The Great Divorce Scene, and the Fatal Inkstand.



Ah, this cruel paper, I cannot sign it, I cannot.



(Sinks in despair—)



(Copyrighted.)

step behind his prisoner, and the two moving like one man. The foremost of the mob found the Sheriff's gun barrel frowning them right in the eyes, and made room, as did the men next behind. And one after another, while the revolvers were pointing right and left and straight ahead as though on a sensitive swivel, the crowd pressed aside and formed a narrow lane through which the Sheriff and his prisoner passed into the street and finally reached the jail unmolested.

"It was the grittiest piece of business I ever saw, and it won with the mob. Early was tried and acquitted by a unanimous verdict, and at last accounts was practicing in Kansas City."

Taught in Early Life.

Rochester Herald.

A noise in the pantry.

Pater familias, armed with a seven-chambered, long 32, Brown & Biggins bulldog revolver (one must be explicit as to weapons) followed by master, *en deshabille*, sneaks down stairs and demands in an awful voice:

"Who are you?"

Voice—"It's me, papa, into the jam."

Mrs. Beacon Hill (sorely)—"Shoo", Wendell, and shoot to kill.

Mr. Beacon Hill (horified)—"What! Kill our only son?"

Mrs. Beacon Hill (imperiously)—"It is not our son. Our Emerson would have said, 'It is I, papa.'"

Interrupted the Witness.

Atlanta Constitution.

Some time since, in southwest Georgia, a murder case was being tried before a certain judge. The State's attorneys had seen the shooting, and they had an old negro on the witness stand. The negro became intensely interested in the story he was telling. His big eyes were fixed upon the lawyer who was questioning him, and he seemed to think there was no other person in the room. He was trembling with excitement, so much so that he stammered, and he told his story as if he was having a strictly private and confidential conversation with the State's attorney.

"An'den, boss," he said in solemn and awe-struck tones, "j-j-jes' ez I war a-comin' roun' de cornah, sah, I see him 'long o' de lamp pos'."

"What time was this?" asked the Judge. The witness paused just for a second, as if something had disturbed him; but then, without turning his head, he went on:

"J-j-jes' as I war a-comin' roun' de cornah, boss, I seen him 'long o' de lamp pos'."

The Judge rapped the desk before him smartly with his gavel.

"You speak of that boy across the street as a 'geezir,'" said the elderly customer from the country; "what is a geezir?" A "geezir" replied the bootblack, busily plying both his brushes. "It's about the same thing as a 'gasaboo,'" "And what is a gasaboo?" "Say, retrorted the boy, straightening up and looking at him with open-eyed astonishment, "you'd better go to a night school!"

"Young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter I have entrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life." The young man was duly impressed. Then he looked at his watch. "Really," he remarked, "I had no idea it was so late. The car have stopped. Could I borrow your wheel to get down town?" "Young man, I would not

trust anybody on earth with that wheel."

THE
"HERCULES"
AND
Trade D Mark
will
stand anything



DOMINION SUSPENDER CO.
CANADA—NIAGARA FALLS, UNITED STATES.

The Terrors of Dyspepsia.

A Disease that Makes the Life of Its Victims Almost Unbearable.

A Sufferer for Years Tells How She Obtained Relief—A Bright Ray of Hope for Those Similarly Affected.

From the *Bowmanville News*.

The editor of the *News*, in company with Mr. Jury, of the well known firm of Stott & Jury, visited the home of Samuel Wood, in the township of Darlington, for the purpose of ascertaining the particulars of another of those remarkable cures happily brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was Mrs. Wood who had thus been released from suffering, and when the newspaper man made known his mission she said, "Yes, I can give you a bright testimony in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I believe that if they did not save my life, they at all events released me from untold misery. Some three years ago dyspepsia came upon me in a severe form. I doctored with one of the local doctors for more than a year, but all the time was growing steadily worse. The medicine I took cost me a dollar a bottle, and the expenditure was worse than useless for it did me no good. Then my husband thought as I was growing worse, it would be better to try something else, as they felt that unless a change soon came I was doomed to live through the terrors of a dyspeptic's life. Sometimes I would be fairly doubled up with the pain, and it seemed as if a knife was cutting into me. I then tried a number of medicines recommended for dyspepsia, but none of them brought the hoped for relief. We had so often read of the remarkable cures achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I determined to give them a trial. I got a supply and before the second box was gone I found myself getting better. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken eleven boxes when I was fully recovered. This was a couple of years ago, and I have not now the least sign of dyspepsia." Mrs. Wood further said that her husband had been a victim of kidney trouble for a long time and had taken a great deal of medicine for its cure but to no avail. When it was seen that Pink Pills were doing his wife so much good, Mr. Wood determined to try them, and they acted like a charm as he is now entirely free from his complaint, and he attributed all to the use of Pink Pills and would not be without them in the house.

Messrs. Stott & Jury informed the *News* that Pink Pills have an enormous sale. They have handled Pink Pills for years and say they cannot recall a single instance in which a customer came back and said they were not perfectly satisfied with the results. This is certainly a remarkable record, but then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remarkable medicine, and cures when other medicines fail.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

How they Can be Obtained.

The complete set of twelve dolls (5 in. high), each lithographed in beautiful colors representing different characters, viz:

Barbours' Dolls.

A Complete Set of 12 Dolls for
\$ Two-cent Stamps.

How they Can be Obtained.

The complete set of twelve dolls (5 in. high), each lithographed in beautiful colors representing different characters, viz:

See

*That all your
Linen Thread
Carries this
Trade-Mark.*

THOS. SAMUEL & SON,
8 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

BARBOUR'S Linen THREADS

ARE THE BEST

For Sale Everywhere

YONGE & COLLEGE—Entrance 4 and 6 College Street

MRS. J. PHILIP

Ladies and Children's Underwear

Manufacturers of Fine Underwear for Ladies and Children.

Children's Dresses—all ages.

A full assortment of Baby Linens.

Children's Underwear and Ladies' Underwear always in stock.

MISS PLUMMER, Modiste

Room 28, Oddfellows' Building

On Yonge and College Streets.

Miss Plummer will be in Europe during July and August.

FOR

PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION GO TO

HUNTER, ROSE & CO. 25 Wellington St. West, Toronto

Estimates given. Telephone 616.

**UNEQUALLED! UNSURPASSED
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL!**

TRY IT

**Based on GLYCERINE
Instead of Alcohol.**

Ask for MANLEY'S—Take no other.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$2 00
Six Months..... 1 00
Three Months..... 50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETARY.

VOL. VIII] TORONTO, JULY 20, 1895. NO. 35

"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Are you going to the mountains, the seashore or to Muskoka this summer? Wherever you go you can have your favorite paper. SATURDAY NIGHT is mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 20c. a month; to foreign addresses, 25c. a month.

In the Open Air.

DURING the past week hundreds of the best Toronto people sought relief from the heat and noise of the city in the cool groves surrounding the Queen's at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and criticized sometimes and admired always the brilliant performances of the tennis cracks who had gathered from far and near to take part in the now famous Niagara Tournament. And, truly, there was much to be admired, for tennis has long ago established itself firmly in popular favor as a game that yields a high return for the labor and dexterity that are demanded if proficiency is sought. The greatest interest of course centered in the fine display of really scientific tennis given by Messrs. Larned, Gordon Parker and Parnell Paget, who delighted the large and fashionable audiences by their brilliant play. As was expected, Mr. Larned now wears the proud title of Canadian champion, but many and deep were the vows that were thought, if not spoken, that next year he would be given a harder struggle than ever. Very pretty tennis was seen in the ladies' championship final between Mrs. Sidney Smith of Ottawa and Miss Osborne. Miss Osborne won this championship in '93 and '94 and, had she been successful this year, would have been entitled to retain the coveted trophy in her own possession. But this was not to be, Mrs. Smith's superior nerve and steadiness giving her two of the three well-fought sets. Miss Osborne was warmly complimented upon her plucky fight, and there were many expressions of sympathy at her defeat.

From the pretty town of Uxbridge comes news of a very successful tournament in which Uxbridge players met and defeated the Newmarket exponents of the game. The tournament has been successful in awakening much interest in this really good game, and other meetings of a similar character between neighboring towns are talked of. All of which is just as it ought to be.

Local cricketers are this year playing better cricket than ever before in the history of the game in Canada. A few years ago a half century was considered quite *rara avis*; now there is scarcely a match between clubs of any standing that does not produce one or more individual scores over 50. Last Saturday there were three: Goldingham's 74 against Rosedale and Bowbank's 57 against Toronto in the same match; for Parkdale against Toronto Junction Arthur Chambers made 62, and Dean with 46 not out, came dangerously near the coveted half century. We are approaching more and more every year to "cricket as they have it in England," and we shall soon find three-figure scores quite a common feature when our best clubs meet.

There was one very pleasant incident in the game between Parkdale and Toronto Junction that deserves mention. Toronto Junction batted first, and, thanks largely to poor bowling and fielding on the part of the Parkdale team, made 117 runs. The first two Parkdale batsmen were disposed of for three runs, and the outlook was somewhat blue for the Flower Suburb cricketers, but Arthur Chambers and W. E. Dean carried the total to 116, two runs behind their opponents, when time was called, and had the match terminated then the result would have been a draw. Unsolicited, Captain W. H. Garrett of the Junction team at once decided to play on, and another over gave Parkdale a lead of one run and the match. The Junction captain would have been strictly within his legal rights in stopping when time was called, and his generous action was greeted with a round of applause from his opponents and the audience. There are some captains we have seen who—but comparisons are always odious and especially so in cricket.

Last Saturday's match between Toronto and Rosedale was productive of much good cricket in addition to the scores of Goldingham and Bowbank, referred to above. For Toronto, Wood and Boyd got 35 and 27 respectively, and doubles were plentiful. Goldingham was again very successful with the ball and is evidently making a big bid for premier honors in what unthinking persons are apt to call the principal departments of the game—batting and bowling. There is no "principal department" in cricket. A team that fields poorly can never reckon on victory, and, contrariwise, the value of the work of the best bats may be greatly diminished by an intelligent captain and sure, quick, clean fielding.

At Philadelphia J. M. Laing covered himself with glory in the annual fixture between the Ontario Association and Philadelphia. He has the top score, 60, in the second innings, to his credit, and pressed Wadsworth closely for first place in the first innings, their scores being respectively 38 and 40; D. W. Saunders secured 29 in the first innings and 21 in the second.

The Ontario cricketers led the Philadelphians by 164 to 127 on the first innings, and the close of the Ontario second innings left the home team with 176 to get to win. This they did with the loss of six wickets, and the Ontario representatives were defeated. There are many new names on the list of players, and some old ones, familiar in international contests, are missing. Goldingham's inability to go was much regretted, as was the enforced absence of Arthur Chambers and others who were selected by the committee; but no one can think over the old names without his thoughts flying across the seas to South Africa, where bright, hearty Hal McGiverin, the best bowler Canada ever had, looks back with mingled pleasure and regret to the old triumphs and the old friends.

Presentations to cricket celebrities seem to be the order of the day. Hard upon the heels of the announcement of good things in store for the great W. G. Grace, comes the news that Australian cricketers have subscribed four hundred pounds as a testimonial to George Giffen, the Australian champion, in recognition of his brilliant work on the cricket field. I know one little man who has given his life to furthering the interests of Canadian cricket and Canadian cricketers, who has spent time and money in their service, and when the presentation fever reaches Canada I shall be prepared with a suggestion. But of this more anon.

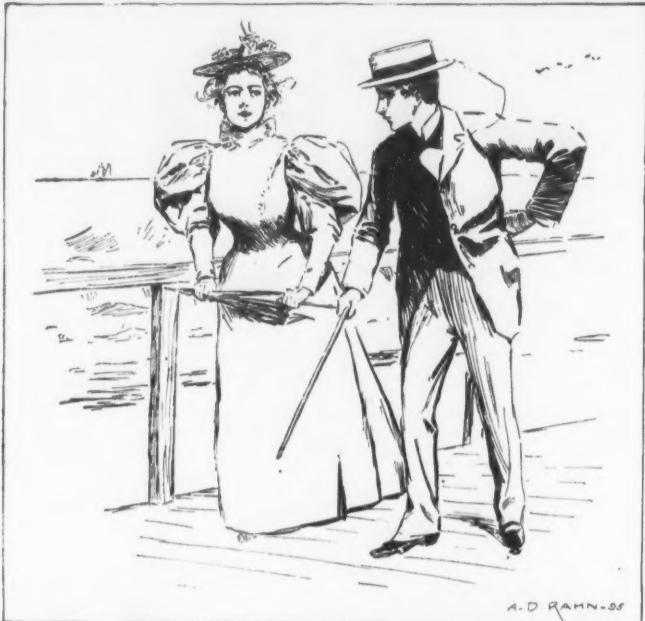
The Parkdale-Toronto match arranged for last Tuesday did not take place and a team selected by A. H. Collins and P. C. Goldingham played against a rather weak team from Parkdale. The latter were sadly hampered by the absence of Clark, Leigh, Lyall, Hall and Webster, all of whom were unable to play, and as their opponents included such strong names as Corp. Cooper and D. J. LeRoy, in addition to Goldingham and Collins, Parkdale's defeat was not unexpected. With the exception of Cooper, the visitors did little with the Parkdale bowling, though against Cooper and Goldingham the home team did less and no noteworthy scores were made.

At Blythe the Canadian team were unsuccessful in their effort to secure the much-coveted Kaliopore cup, though they lacked but 13 points of the total made by the English team and defeated Guernsey somewhat easily for the Colonial prize of £20. The scores this year are much smaller than last year, owing principally to the high winds prevailing, which seriously affected the work of the Canadian team at the longer distances. At 200 yards the Canadians led by 5 points and were 4 points ahead when the totals at 200 and 500 yards were known; but they lost ground at 600 yards to the extent of 17 points. At this distance the high wind and dust affected the Canadian marksmen much more than it did the English team. It is not uncommon in England, but the Canadians have little weather of this kind, so that they were at a decided disadvantage. Our own Capt. Mercer has been doing very creditable work. Although this is his first visit, he headed the list of Canadians in the Pirbright, taking tenth place, and finished eighth in the Flood-Page match. In this match Col.-Sergt. Meadows won fifth place; and this marksman, also a tyro, by the way, did exceedingly well in the Railway match, making 32 out of possible 35 at 200 yards, and a best possible 34 out of 25 at 500 yards. For the uninitiated, who do not know what a "best possible" 34 is, it may be as well to explain that Sergt. Meadows' first shot was an "inner," counting 4 points, followed by six consecutive bull's-eyes. This is a better score than if the "inner" came at the middle or end of the series, and is therefore considered the best 34 that can be made. Gunner Chamberlain of British Columbia also is doing very well, tying Color Sergt. Meadows in the Railway match.

The Dominion Lawn Bowling Tournament, which was concluded last Saturday at the Island, was a thoroughly successful and enjoyable affair. There was a large increase in the number of entries, the play good and the competition keen. The old hands of the Granite Club were unfortunate this year, for, for the first time in many years, they failed to carry off a prize. The result of the Walker trophy was a decided surprise to everyone, as Mr. Leonard's rink were not picked for winners in any quarter. Dr. Woods of Mitchell was a general favorite and was much complimented upon his success in the consolation final. Some word of praise is due to Messrs. Harcourt and Biggar. Upon the shoulders of the former, as secretary, much of the responsibility naturally rested, and the success of the tournament is undoubtedly due to these gentlemen.

On Tuesday last the hotel-keepers of Toronto

A Great Muff.



He—And do the girls really think me a great catch?
Baseball Girl—On the contrary, they consider you the worse player on the nine.

(Copyrighted)

met their brethren from Buffalo at the Island and spent a very pleasant day. A baseball game between nines selected from the Toronto hotelmen and the visitors resulted disastrously for the local celebrities, but they were more fortunate in the tug-of-war competition. The cutting, which is now an annual affair, was much enjoyed by those present. F. W. M.

The Coming Show.

The Cossacks with Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth give a most remarkable performance, even exceeding the cowboys and Indians in daring feats of horsemanship. They ride like the wind and standing upright in the saddle, hit the bull's-eye every time with a rifle ball. Then they pick up objects from the ground while riding at full speed, and guide the movements of their Arabian horses in such a skillful manner that man and horse seem like one. Together with their families they show how they live in their native countries, how they throw the spear and javelin, their wedding ceremonies, feasts and dances, with other interesting incidents connected with nomadic existence. They will be here with the show on Monday, July 29.

In a Tiger's Jaws.

Lord Hastings, with his staff of officers, was on a tiger hunt. A splendid animal had been shot. Everyone supposed it to be dead, and with the rashness born of inexperience and excitement Major S. rushed up to it. At that moment the tiger recovered himself, and with a roar of mingled rage and pain turned upon Major S.

The young man discharged his pistol at the brute's head, but with no effect. The weapon was knocked from his hand and sent flying a dozen yards away. The tiger bore the man down, seized him by the right shoulder, and lifting him bodily from the ground started toward the jungle.

The other men were powerless. No one dared shoot for fear of hitting the man. The brute, seeking probably to get a better hold of his victim, gave him a shake and an upward fling, as a cat might toss a mouse, and caught him by the thigh.

This liberated the major's right arm, which, though the padded cloth of his coat had not been injured. He reached to his hip pocket, drew forth his second pistol, and placing the weapon to the tiger's ear fired. "I never felt calmer in my life," he said afterward.

The animal dropped dead, but in dying his jaws closed convulsively, crushing the muscles and tendons of the major's thigh. Lord Hastings and his brother officers hurried forward to congratulate the major on his coolness and lucky escape. Save for the injury to his thigh, which resulted in slight lameness, Major S. was none the worse for his ugly adventure.

A Rival's Rabid Retort.

Pretty Girl—I'm engaged to Mr. de Shy.
Envious Rival—I am astonished.
Pretty Girl—I thought you would be.
Envious Rival—Yes. Everybody said he was so bashful that only an experienced widow could bag him.

Had Been There Before



Cholly Huntingdust—How much do you charge for boats an hour?
Old Tar—Twenty-five cents an hour for regular rowin'. One dollar extra of yer winter upset
th' boat, an' save th' lady's life!

A Case in Point.

Harper's Bazar.

"Miss Harkaway," said Dolliner, "I suppose you have seen the statement in this week's *Gazette* that we are engaged to be married?"

"Yes," said she. "I saw it."

"Well, I wish you to know that I had nothing to do with that announcement, and I have written this letter of denial."

"Oh, I wouldn't send it," she said naively.

"What is the use?"

"But it isn't true!"

"That is so; but it isn't impossible. Do you know that paper contains a great many valuable hints?"

And he took the hint.

"But, papa," pleaded the impassioned maiden, "he is the only man I love. That's right," replied the brutal old man; "I am glad that a daughter of mine does not love more than one man at a time."

The Undertone

For Saturday Night.

In the silent hush of fleeting night,
As the gray dawn rounds the darkened dome
And the fleece-clouds sport in the bath of light,
And skip like lambs in these pastures bright,
Oft have I heard an undertone—
The glad response of awak'ning earth—
In solemn chant at the new day's birth—
From wood, and field, and twining bower
A symphony.

The undertone of life.

From the feathered home of the mother bird
The twit'ring call of her young is heard,
The red-robed robin sings, Awake!
The partridge scurries through the brack,
The hive pows forth its hummimg throng,
The ant hill rocks the work-day song;
The night bird's croak is hushed at dawn
And nest, and hive, and cot, each home
Breaks forth in the rich joy of use—
A symphony.

The undertone of life.

'Neath the breast bared to the Arctic Sun,
'Neath that, enshrin'd in the soft silk spun
Alike, the streams of a rich love run,
And gurgle forth in the rocking song,
What if the clime-shaped pictures throng
The simple tune, or peasant tongue,
Or ordeed clink-clank of the croon,
Or lady tongue sing of the moon,
The widow of father, o'erlong soon?
From every mother song chimes forth
A symphony.

The undertone of love.

O Father, Thou art Life and Love;
The night gloom folds me, the tempest rock—
How shall I rest amidst the shock,
The seething waves, the winds that mock
All hope, and strengthen fears?
Like a cradled child, or the oriole young
I'd rest me, meet me, knowing all is well.
It, above the angry ocean's moan
The still small voice yet says
"Be not afraid, 'tis I"—
Divine symphony.

The undertone of love.

Toronto.

A. JOHN CLIFFORD.

At Parting.

For Saturday Night.

I stand, your hand clasped in my own,
A silent sadness fills my heart,
My slightest murmur seems a groan,
For you and I to-night must part.

You westward with the break of day
Will travel; I remain alone;
Yes are you gone from me away,
Let me know still you are my own.

Will your love where'er you're you?
Beneath as long as life shall last?
For little care I for that love
Which lives an hour and then is past.

Or will you under other skies,
Forget I ever met your sight,
While in new places never eyes
Meet as I meet your eyes to-night?

The happy summer evening hours
We spent when earth was wet with dew,
Breathing the breath of fragrant flowers,
Will they be sacred still to you?

Or will Time forth his heralds send
To earth below, to heaven above,
Saying, "All that's begun must end,
And there must be an end of love?"

Say will you when your heart is sore,
When present loves all 'round you see,
Ask, "Why look ever I before?"
The present's equal that to be?

Who knows? Yet if some one should cross
Your path, and take the place of me,
Forget me then; but mine love's loss,
Or love to you were slavery.

ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD

Hymn.

WRITTEN BY THE MARQUIS OF LECHE
"Accept of our adoring
The House of Prayer, O Lord,
As Thou art eve and morning
Hast life with beauty stored;
Yet not for outward glory,
Do we our offerings bear—

Where poorest are Thy servants
Fall oft Thy Church is there.
"While stand these walls hereafter
Make holy all their ways;
See here from floor to rafter
Day down and die in praise.
Raise up the hearts within them,
The faith to love and care;
Awake our souls and win them,
Thro' Christ unto Thy Throne."

The Old Tune.

From out a windless realm it flowed
Fragrant and sweet as balm of rose;
Upon its breast soft sunlight glowed,
And still it glides where the jasmine blows.

An old, sweet tune of other days!
Fall of the sink of the autumn time;
Scents of roses and August haze
Gathered and tell like thoughts in rhyme,

May never again that once-loved tune
Fall in my heart as a stream that flows!
Let it run as it will like a vine in June
Fragrant and sweet as a summer rose.

—Eugene Field in Chicago Record

Love.

Love is no bird that nests and flies,
No rose that buds, and blooms and dies,
No star that shines and disappears,
No fire whose soles strew the year;

Love is the god who lights the star,
Makes music of the lark's desire;
Love tells the rose what perfumes are,
And lights and feeds the deathless fire.

Love is no joy that dies apace
With the delight of dear embrace;
Love is no feast of wine and bread,
Red-vintaged and gold harvested;

Love is the god whose touch divine
On hands that clung and lips that kissed,
Has turned life's common bread and wine
Into the Holy Eucharist.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

The World's Need.

So many gods, so many creeds—
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the sort of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

The Discomfiture of Jones

BY FRANKLIN GADSBY.

THE Doctor, who sat at the same table with Jones and Robinson, diagnosed their cases as "amorous abeyance." That was his professional and alliterative way of saying that their love was blind. But long before the doc-

tor had cast his decision in those two words, it was patent to the other boarders that a man is oppressed by his own Ego."

"What have you got to do to-night?" I asked quite relevantly.

"A retail grocers' association."

"Well then, you'd better go there now. A good report of that will have more than extraneous interest for you, and your Ego will get the worst of it."

But Fortune stretched out her left hand to Jones. Before the week was over he had occasion to remember what a brother poet had said about the synonymy of inconstancy and women. Miss Johnson grew tired of bon-bons and such dress. She began to read over those effusions of which Jones had been so lavish. They were all neatly typewritten. The author's autograph was the only illegible thing about them. She learned there by a careful perusal how his heart "burned when she spoke," or "froze when she turned away," ached, and throbbed, and quivered, and bled, and did a hundred things that no normal heart would be guilty of. According to those manuscripts, Jones was in need of the whole pharmacopœia with a special call for digitalis. Then she learned, too, how beautiful she was. New charms that she had not dreamed of were revealed to her in every line, and that with all a poet's candor. The heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth were racked for similes to describe her beauty. She felt flattered that one man should think so much of her as to allow his heart to conduct itself so unconventionally.

Jones felt this reaction in his favor. How could he mistake it when she gave him so many tender glances? She must have been touched by that little trifles of his beginning:

Upon thy bosom's fairness
Let rest my head.
Then of the world all careless
Let care be dead.

At any rate, he wouldn't attempt to analyze her tenderness, he thought. He would enjoy it. He would as leave dissect a daisy and murder its perfume as try to probe the secret of her graciousness. Little by little he was emboldened and Robinson disheartened. Miss Johnson would leave for home on the following Monday. Jones wished to be her last pleasant recollection. It was a happy thought: he would take her to the Island on Saturday night. They would reach there at 8 p.m., just as the sky was giving up its golden sunset for mild grays and tender blacks. He would hire a little skiff and row her softly down by the promenade. She would drink in the sunset beauty and the sweet crepuscular after time. Perhaps he might read to her some lyric of Swinburne's. Perhaps he might make his voice again—who knew!

It was this happy dream that Jones proceeded to carry out. Miss Johnson was quite willing, and at 8 p.m. on Saturday night they were snugly ensconced in a trim skiff listening to the music of the band as it floated out to them over the waters. The promenade, with its circle of colored lights, glittered like a caravan of jewels. A round yellow moon was in the sky and thousands of wide-eyed stars. The electric lights fell in silver bars on the darkling waters, and little skiffs were sailing about through the silver sheen. Jones was feeling as poetic as an elaborate toilette with an internally high collar would permit.

He never knew just how it happened, but he knew that it was something like this, for so he tells it: "Miss Johnson was rapidly becoming permeated with the sweetness of the scene. I could see that her soul was in a state of fusion. I rose in the boat to reach for a copy of Swinburne, on the far seat. I thought that Swinburne, with his wild, unbridled, erotic lay, was just the man for the occasion. But the d— boat tipped over. Now, I can't swim a stroke. So when I came up I clutched the boat and looked for Miss Johnson. There she was about six yards away. I couldn't get to her, for I should have drowned; and there she was, going down the second time. I could think of all sorts of poetic lines on death, and her agonized expression was vividly impressed upon me, but I couldn't do a thing for her, and so gave her up for dead."

Robinson, who is not speaking to Jones, tells the rest of it. "I happened to be out in a canoe. Had nothing on but a jersey, a pair of

trousers and canvas shoes. So when I saw a lady struggling in the water and the idiot who was with her hanging like a clam to the boat, I rowed up and grabbed her by the collar. I held her until a boat came up and then I took her to the boarding house in a coupe. She was pretty well scared, but not much the worse for her outing."

How Jones got ashore and got home, be-draggled as he was, he has never told. But he is jealous of the bulky tinted envelopes that Robinson receives from out of town.

Real Roadside Flowers.



"Why is dese farmers down dis way like de blind beggar on de corner of Steet street an' Eighth avenoo?" asked Frayed Fredericks.

"O' course," said Limping Lambert, "dey ain't nobody goin' to guess dat we giv it up, why is it?"

"Because dey is always got a hand-out," said Fredericks confidently.

"Cert," said Airy Hiweights, the English tramp, "an' why is de hob like a watch in a repair shop?"

"Dat's easy," said Jimmy Haybarn, "bekase dey run too fast when de dog is loose."

"Youse is too smart," said Airy, "but say, fellers, where is de place in de road dat makes you think of mince pie?"

"Yum, yum, where de road forks," said Fredericks.

"An where does de road make you think of money?"

"Where it runs agin de bank, o' course," said Lambert, with a smile.

"You fellers is workin' your brains too hard," said General Walker, chief of the gang. "Just you know they'll have you fellers editin' the puzzle corner of de *Ute's Companion*." And they turned over and went to sleep.



"Jawn," said Mr. Dooley to Mr. McKenna last night, "what did the Orangeys do to-day?"

"They had a procession," said Mr. McKenna.

"Was it much, I dinna?"

"Not much."

"That's good," said Mr. Dooley. "That's good. They don't seem to be gettin' any stronger, praise be. Divile a straw do I care fr' them. They never harmed hair nor head lv me, an' they ain't likely to, aye, so long as the road keeps th' way it is. Faith, 'twould be a fine pot iv porridge th' likes iv them'd ate if they come up into Bridgepoort. I'm an' ol' man, Jawn—though not so dam old at that—but I'd give ten years iv me life it's to see an' Orange procession wist on Archey r-road, with th' right flank rastin' on Halsted street. It'd rast there. Th' Lord knows it wud."

"Jawn, I have no dislike to th' Orangeys. Nawthin' again them. I'd not raise me hand to them, I wud not, though me cousin Tim was kill be wan lv them droppin' a bolt on his skull in th' shipyards in Belfast. 'Twas lucky fr' that there Orangey he spoke first. Me cousin Tim had a ship axe in his hand that 'd've stood

On The Beach.



Mrs. Oldstyle—Just look at those very stylish bathing suits! Did you ever see anything like them?
Mrs. Newcomer—No. I can understand now what's meant by the height of fashion.

an' they wint at it club an' club. Be that time the whole lv th' line was engaged. Ivy copper bilted an' Orangey an' a sergeant named Donahue wint through a whole lodge ar-rmed on'y, Jawn, with a clarinet an' wan cymbal. He did so. An' Morgan Dimpsey, th' cutie divile, he shud by an' encouraged both sides, fr' nex' to an' Orangey he'd like to see a policeman kill. That indeed wan Orangey's pride.

"Not that I think 'twas right. I suppose they ought to be left walk about an' I'm a fair man. If th' blackest iv them wint by now I'd not raise me hand—"

"Hello," said Mr. McKenna, "here goes Killen, the Armagh man. They say he diges with his left foot."

"Jawn," said Mr. Dooley eagerly, "if ye run up on th' roof ye'll find th' bricks loose in th' top row lv th' chimble. Ye might hand him a few."

Horter's Flower Beds.

Pearson's Weekly.

A man named Horter lived up in Derbyshire a few years ago, but as his health was bad he was ordered to spend a year or two at the sea-side. He was born in the Midlands, and had never seen an oyster in its shell.

He bought a cottage down at Blackpool and went there to live early this spring. A few days after his arrival he saw a man going by with a cart-load of oysters, which Horter missed for stones.

Stones are mighty scarce at sandy Blackpool, and as Horter wanted some to make borders for his flower beds, he asked the man what he would take for the load. It struck Horter that the price was high, but he bought the lot and had them thrown down by his gate.

The next day he stuck eight hundred of them in the sand in his garden, around the beds, and when the job was done he thought it looked uncommonly handsome.

A week afterward there were three or four warm days and Horter remarked that the sea breezes smelled very strongly, and he told Mrs. Horter that he thought there must be a dead whale lying somewhere down on the beach. The next day the smell became more offensive and Mrs. Horter said that it was an outrage that the authorities didn't clean up the streets and remove the garbage that poisoned the air.

"Well, ye know how it is when moderation is counseled, Jawn. Moderation is another name fr' murderation. So they put two platoons iv polismen in front iv th' Orangeys an' three behind, an' a double column alongside an' away they wint.

"No wan intherfered with them an' that didn't plaze Morgan Dimpsey, who'd served his time as a caulkier in th' ship ya-ards, an' bein' iv an injaneyous disposition he made up his mind fr' to do something to show that patriotism wasn't dead in this country. So he got up in a hallway in Wash'nton street an' waited. Th' procession come with th' polismen in front an' behind an' along the sides, an' th' German band thrylin' to keep wan eye on th' house tops on both sides iv th' street an' to read th' music iv Lillibullero, an' Croppies Lie Down an' Boyne Wath'er with th' other. Th' Orangeys didn't look up. They keep their eyes pointed straight ahead. I'll say that fr' thim, They're murdherin' villyans, but they're Irish, iv a sort.

"When they come with th' polismen in front an' behind an' along the sides, an' th' German band thrylin' to keep wan eye on th' house tops on both sides iv th' street an' to read th' music iv Lillibullero, an' Croppies Lie Down an' Boyne Wath'er with th' other. Th' Orangeys didn't look up. They keep their eyes pointed straight ahead. I'll say that fr' thim, They're murdherin' villyans, but they're Irish, iv a sort.

"Then Horter told them how perplexed he was about the matter, and said he would only be too glad to have the cause of the trouble detected. So the committee made a tour of inspection, holding their noses.

When they got into the garden they perceived the oysters all gaping wide open and evolving an awful smell, absolutely in fumes. One of the committeemen, grasping the fact that Horter had planted these oysters, imagined that he was crazy, and suddenly climbed over the palings and went home. The others remained and asked Horter what on earth he meant by laying those oysters in the sun in that manner.

"Oysters!" said Horter. "Oysters! You don't mean to say those are oysters! Grashus! Well, well! That beats all! I was wondering what made all those stones split even down the middle. I couldn't account for it. And so those are oysters. Why, I thought oysters always came in tins!"

That afternoon he buried the shell-fish deep in the sand, and the smell ceased. Then he sold his cottage and moved to Brixton. He told Brown, his next-door neighbor, that he knew they were oysters all the time, and he did it for a joke, but he moved because the people seemed so touchy over the matter.

Keep Cool.

Washington Post

Colonel William R. Morrison has spent a great part of his career in hotels, and one of his theories has been that the mind can be so trained that a hotel fire ought not to distract the reasoning faculties when presence of mind is needed. He and his wife were aroused from their slumbers one night by an alarm. The hotel in which they had their rooms was afire, and there was great confusion and tumult among the guests.

"Now, my dear," said the Colonel, "don't get excited. Put on all your indispensable apparel and take your time. Don't lose your head. Just watch me."

He calmed Mrs. Morrison's anxiety, handed her the articles necessary to her toilet, put on his collar and cuffs, took his watch from under his pillow and placed it in his vest pocket, put on his hat and walked with Mrs. Morrison out of the burning building into the street.

"Now, my dear," he said, when they were safe, "don't you see what a grand thing it is to keep cool and act with a deliberate purpose in an emergency like this! Here you are dressed and over yonder are several ladies in complete disarray."

Just then Mrs. Morrison for the first time glanced at her husband.

"You are right, William," she said, "it is a grand thing to keep cool and act deliberately, but if I had been you, I would have stayed in the room long enough to put on my trousers!"

A Rapid Speaker.

The most rapid orator in the world, and the torment of the swiftest shorthand writers, is the Italian deputy and ex-minister, Barnardino Grimaldi. The tongue of this eloquent politician possesses the capacity of gurgling forth a torrent of one hundred and eighty to two hundred words in the minute. The last subject of his parliamentary oratory was the Italian railway legislation, upon which he delivered for the long speeches, to the audience. "What a mercy," exclaimed one, "that Grimaldi was not born a girl!" "Yes," replied the other, "fancy such a speaker growing up to be somebody's mother-in-law!"

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.
ACROSS ATLANTIC
 French Line—Havre direct.
 Hamburg American Line—Hamburg.
 Netherlands Line—New York-Rotterdam.
ECONOMICAL PASSAGES
 American Line—Philadelphia to Liverpool.
 Atlantic Transport Line—New York-London.
 Beaver Line—Montreal-Liverpool.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
 General Steamship and Tourist Agency

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD SS. CO.
 New York, Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.
 Ships, 22 July, 7 a.m. Alter, 6 Aug., 9 a.m.
 Esse, 22 July, 9 a.m. Trondheim, 11 a.m.
 Havre, 20 July, 11 a.m. Lubeck, 13 Aug., 9 a.m.
 Sankt August, 9 a.m. Fulda, 17 Aug., 9 a.m.

Land at Southampton dock. No transfer. Direct connection to Havre and Paris. 8 hours to Berlin. Palatial equipment.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND AGENCY
 72 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON (London—Paris)
 NEW YORK—July 24, 11 a.m. New York, Aug. 21, 11 a.m.
 Paris, July 31, 11 a.m. Paris, Aug. 23, 11 a.m.
 St. Louis, Aug. 7, 11 a.m. St. Louis, Sept. 4, 11 a.m.
 Aug. 14, noon New York, Sept. 11, 11 a.m.

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—NANTUCKET—Aug. 22 noon.
 Portland, Aug. 23, noon. Nantucket, Aug. 24, noon.
 Portland, Aug. 24, noon. Kinsale, Aug. 25, noon.
 Brixton, Aug. 24, noon. Fife, Aug. 25, noon.
 Westerland, Aug. 21, noon. Southwark, Aug. 18 noon.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY

14, North River. Off 6 Bwing Green, N. Y.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent

72 Yonge Street, Toronto

Campagnie General Transatlantique
FRENCH LINE
ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE

New Fast Express Steamer
 A. FORGET, R. M. MELVILLE, Agents
 General Agent, 34 Adelaide St. E. St., Toronto.

Short Stories Retold.

Of Bishop Bathurst, who was a great whisky player, it is related that on hearing the name of a new appointment in the chapter there was wrung from him the passionate exclamation, "I have served the Whigs all my life, and now they send me down a canon who doesn't know clubs from spades!"

Ferrari, the celebrated composer, relates the following anecdote in his Memoirs. On a cold December night a man in a little village in the Tyrol opened the window and stood in front of it, with hardly any clothing to his back. "Peter!" shouted a neighbor, who was passing, "what are you doing there?" "I am catching a cold." "What for?" "So that I can sing bass to morrow at church."

An old lady, far advanced in years, was walking one day through a church-yard, when she stopped before three mounds that formed, as it were, three sides of a square. The graves were those of the late doctor and parson of the parish and of an old East Indian, noted whist-players in their day. "There they are," she remarked placidly, after a pause; "the auld rubber, just waiting for me to cut in."

This story is told of Mr. Villiers, the "Father" of the British House of Commons. There was a rumor that he was seriously ill, and a representative was sent by the authorities of a London newspaper to ascertain the facts. He saw Mr. Villiers' housekeeper, who protested that the report was utterly unfounded; but, wishing to be on the safe side, the reporter suavely asked for the name of his medical adviser. "He hasn't one," was the reply. "That's the reason he's lived so long."

Of Tennyson, Mr. Smalley has quite a sheaf of stories, all illustrative of his personality. Here is one: When occasion offered he took an odd revenge on those who presumed to judge him. A writer of the critical kind once assured him that he could always tell what lines wrote themselves from pure inspiration, and what others had labored. In response to Tennyson's invitation he quoted a famous verse as an instance of poetic spontaneity. "Ah, yes," drawled the poet, "I smoked a dozen pipes over that line."

Mme. de Longueville, a beauty of Louis the Fourteenth's time, was tired to death of being in Normandy, where her husband was. Those who were about her said: "Mon dieu, madam, you are eaten up with *ennui*; will you not take some amusement? There are dogs and a beautiful forest. Will you hunt?" "N," she replied; "I don't like hunting." "Will you work?" "No; I don't like work." "Will you take a walk or play at some game?" "N; I like neither the one nor the other." "What will you do, then?" they asked. "What can I do?" she replied; "I hate innocent pleasures."

A well known artist, who spends several months of the year in Venice, tells how, the morning after his first arrival in the "water-logged" city, he hired a gondola in order to see the sights. Having passed under the Bridge of Sighs and reached the spot rendered memorable by the mournful history of Marino Faliero, the gondolier took out his watch and politely said: "We rest for ten minutes here." With that he lighted his pipe. "What are you waiting for?" asked his fare. "Sir," replied the gondolier, "it is the usual time allowed for emotion, for poetic feeling." And they waited till the ten minutes were up.

A few years ago a prominent oil producer of Pittsburgh was putting down a well in a territory that had never been tested for oil. He was keeping the fact a profound secret, in order that, in case he got a well, he might without difficulty secure all the leases he desired in the vicinity. He was on the ground himself, watching with great interest the indications. Everything pointed to success. Two days before the well was expected to "come in," he was called home. And, out about the result, he arranged with his contractor to telegraph him as soon as the drill reached the sand. He knew, however, that secrets will sometimes leak out of a telegraph office, and so he told the driller that the sentence, "Pine trees grow tall," would mean that he had struck oil. The driller promised to do as he was ordered. The mingled satisfaction and vexation of the producer may be imagined when, two days later, he received the

following telegram: "Pine trees grow tall. She's squirting clean over the derrick." His hope that he should have no competitors for leases was disappointed.

Between You and Me.

So long as the women of to-day confine themselves to specifying, getting up requisitions and abusing the men, it is time ill spent to waste a moment's thought upon their self-assertion, but little side winds sometimes blow and their whispers have the truth in them. For instance, there is a case in the Western courts of a delicate nature, one of the sins of man against woman, and a jury of women with a woman judge are to handle it. I am much interested to see how the verdict will go and what the sentence will be. A very amusing case was recently "given away" in the New York Supreme Court, in which case women were unintentionally assertive. An importation of some foreign condiment was taxed as "sauce," and the importers protested in the courts that it wasn't sauce. The Supreme Court decided to agree with the Custom House; but the justice, happening to mention the matter at his dinner table, was promptly informed by the lady at the head of it that the article taxed was not sauce at all. Discussion led to consultation, and each member interested agreed to refer the matter to the lady ruler of his universe, with the result that a decisive chant of "not sauce" was rendered in unison. The judgment was not yet signed, the decision of the court was reversed and the importer has to thank the power behind the bench for a considerable saving.

The other night, after a dinner, a very sweet little singer sang many songs for us, among others the Rainy Day. That is the most abominable song I know, and always makes me cross with him who wrote and composed and her who sings it. But how exasperating it was the other night, when one had ridden through the dim country with the stunted grass and the barren vines, and seen the earth gaping with parched prayers for moisture in every fissure on every arid stretch of sand. That song, of all songs, seemed so idiotically insistent and mal-apropos. By the way, there is a curious coincidence over on the other side of the rain and the drought. When the Seventh, the kid glove regiment of the proud city of New York, goes under canvas for their summer camp, no matter how long the heavens have withheld moisture, they immediately furnish a downpour. It never fails, nor has it failed this month. The deluge was on time.

Somebody sent me to-day a copy of Robert Louis Stevenson's talks to young women and young men, that book which is known as *Virginibus Puerisque*. I have had a delightful hour with it, and feel like a naughty child who laughs at the mischief-doing of his chum. There is plenty in it to be serious about, but there is the most taking and plausibly original slice of daring mischief in it. I am really in a hurry to get back to the quiet home, with flower-breath and vine-whispers welcoming me, and have another interesting hour with this new paper friend. He calls a man meritorious who in his honest, fearless voice dares to say that Shakespeare makes him tired. What a blessing that sentence was to me, who have sneaked through life being made tired by Shakespeare and never daring to so much as confess it to myself. And he says loads of other comfortable don't-care-if-I-do things that filled my unruly Irish agin the Government soul with glee. I have sent him my love and blessing to the far star he now inhabits, and I shall always like better than ever the man whose frail tenement of clay now moulder on the high Samoan hill-side, and whose freed spirit has proved, I am certain, many of the beautiful things he taught and believed while here.

We have not much to absorb us this summer. There is no great war, no appalling distress, no extra interesting political muddle, and lo! we discuss bloomers! I wonder was ever such an absurd discussion? As a daily sagely remarks, "Women will wear what they please." Of course they will, as they always do: dresses that spread over the whole pavement, or boastily draggle-tailed trains that sweep up the various awfulnesses deposited by men upon the sidewalk, or they will tie themselves in like mummies, or let their hair hang in curls, or pile it up in fearful wads of pads and hairpins, and cut their bodies perilously low, and sit on the beach in daring short skirts and a red parasol. And if they want to they will wear bloomers or knee breeches, or divided skirts, but thank the stars! they don't want to, though men are going a good way to make them think they do.

Women who wear bifurcated garments, like women who shriek for their Rights, do harm in a way none of us should. There is a man whose rough, coarse and positive nature needs very considerate and wise handling by woman-kind. When such a man meets one of those violently contemptuous Woman's Righters who crack their voices in harangues and knock their bonnets on one side with energetic struggles for the suffrage, he is made harder, more rough, sometimes to brutality; all the strong lower nature is on the *qui vive* and by look and jeer and laugh he shows it. He has been hurt and injured by womankind, whose gentle, comprehending, sympathetic affection he stood so sorely in need of, for the bitterness of what is good in him. In a lesser manner, some prejudice or belief, or whatever it may be, sees special sanctity in a skirt; whether sensible or not, the less advanced man has his beliefs and thinks a lot of them. One of them is that modesty and skirts go together in a feminine make-up. Naturally this man looks upon bloomers as an offence, and expresses his opinion to that effect. It's no use for other men to laugh at a belief or an ideal. They are generally ours to keep. I have had letters from and interviews with several men, whose earnest requests that I should never ride in bloomers have made me feel like laughing and telling them to mind their own business, which is not in the remotest degree connected with me or my clothes. I suppose if I wanted to wear the



given to enormous round cloaks of glace silk or of cloth of very light quality, usually twilled, and most often of tan color. They are cut in circular shape and attached to a very shallow yoke, and are so long that they cover the dress beneath. A pinked *ruche* of silk is around the neck and down each side of the front. In some such cloaks are long alits for armholes, which are also edged with a *ruche*. The fulness of the back is folded in a large double box-pleat to give the Watteau effect.

LA MODE.

given to enormous round cloaks of glace silk or of cloth of very light quality, usually twilled, and most often of tan color. They are cut in circular shape and attached to a very shallow yoke, and are so long that they cover the dress beneath. A pinked *ruche* of silk is around the neck and down each side of the front. In some such cloaks are long alits for armholes, which are also edged with a *ruche*. The fulness of the back is folded in a large double box-pleat to give the Watteau effect.

Never Touched.

From the time the brine leaves the wells until the pure salt reaches the packages for shipment, Windsor Table Salt is not handled except by the machinery of the factory. It doesn't cake. Try it.

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

A copy of *Short Journeys on a Long Road* will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Heasford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
 SUMMER CRUISES IN COOL WATER

RIVER AND GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
 The iron twin-screw steamship *CAMPANA*, with all modern accommodations, is intended to leave Montreal at 4 p.m. Monday, July 5th, 19th August, 2nd, 10th, 30th, September, 14th, 25th October, for Pictou, N. S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspé, Parc, Sammamish, P. E. I. and Charlottetown, P. E. I., through connections to Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., Boston and New York.

NEW YORK, BOSTON AND ATLANTIC COAST
 The well known steamship *ORINOCO*, 2,000 tons, lighted by electricity and with all modern comforts, will cruise on the Hudson River, New York, Boston, and the coast of N. B., Yarmouth, Halifax, Charlottetown, Digby, Bay of Chaleur and the Saguenay River, taking passengers only. Sailing from New York 27th July and 7th August, from Quebec 27th July and 22nd August. Fixed trips for *ORINOCO* will be made. For all information apply to

BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec.

Raphael Titeau

Canadian Vegetable

"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX"

COMPOUND

"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX."

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure.

PROLAPSUS, UTERI, LEUCORRHœA, AND THE PAIN TO WHICH EVERY WOMAN IS PERIODICALLY SUBJECT, YIELD TO MILES' (CAN.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND, ENTIRELY AND ALWAYS.

PRICE 75c.

FOR SALE BY EVERY DRUGGIST IN THIS BROAD LAND.

LETTERS OF ENQUIRY FROM SUFFERING WOMEN, ADDRESSED TO THE "A. M. C." MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, MARKED "PERSONAL," WILL BE OPENED AND ANSWERED BY A LADY CORRESPONDENT AND WILL NOT GO BEYOND THE HANDS AND EYES OF ONE OF "THE MOTHER SEX."

RESENTATION ADDRESSES

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY A. H. HOWARD, 53 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

AIDS

DIGESTION AND IMPROVES THE APPETITE

ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI GUM.

Refuse imitation.

Merchants' Restaurant

Business men are the best judges and they all dine at THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT.

HARRY MORGAN, Proprietor

IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

6 and 8 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

Best place to lunch and dine.

H. STONE & SON

UNDERTAKERS

429 Yonge St. | Telephone 931

Cor. Ann St.

TELEPHONE 932

WH. STONE

UNDERTAKER

349 YONGE ST. OPPOSITE ELMST. *

ALWAYS OPEN

Baltic

About the hart, the

Institute about the

the inst

the Crit

to conj

mirers

the spe

light in

so rapt

what

Bouger

the mi

"faulty

with he

over the

fruit of

Music.

THE fourth annual United Choirs' Musical Festival of the Counties of Western Ontario was held in London on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The event attracted a large number of excursionists from the country surrounding London, although the number of choristers fell short of the total of last year's gathering at Sarnia. This falling off may be attributed to the higher excursion rates charged by the railways this year, and also to the close proximity of the date of the festival to the Dominion Day festivities of the week preceding. In the competition, which formed a feature of the excellent success of last year, the absence of a sufficient number of competing choruses this year deprived the gathering of much of its interest, although a very commendable degree of proficiency was shown by the choirs which ventured the test. On the first evening of the festival, the London Choral Society, under Mr. Roselle Pococke's direction, gave a performance of Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation*, in Princess Rink, before an audience of probably three thousand people. The chorus numbered two hundred and fifty vocalists, the orchestra sixty instrumentalists, and the soloists engaged were: Mrs. Martin-Murphy of Hamilton, soprano; Mr. Fred Jenkins of Cleveland, tenor, and Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone, of Toronto. Although but a very short time was allowed the society in the preparation of this exacting oratorio and only one general rehearsal of the orchestra was held, the performance clearly demonstrated Mr. Pococke's ability as a conductor, the quality of his chorus and the character of his orchestral resources, most of which, by the way, is composed of young people who have been trained by him personally. The soloists were very enthusiastically received and proved by their work the wisdom which had governed such an excellent choice of artists. On the following day the competition and concluding concert were held, the former in the afternoon at Queen's Park and the latter in the evening at Princess Rink. The judges appointed for the occasion, Messrs. Edward Fisher and A. S. Vogt of Toronto, awarded to the Exeter mixed choir a percentage of sixty-six and to the Owen Sound male chorus a percentage of seventy-six. At the evening concert batons were awarded the conductors of the successful choirs and addresses were delivered by the judges, Mr. Vogt speaking on the subject of Choral Organization and Church Music, while Mr. Fisher's remarks applied more directly to the efforts of the choirs which sang in the afternoon. The fine band of the Waterloo Musical Society added much to the success of a gathering, the arranging of which and the burden of organization fell principally upon the shoulders of Mr. C. A. Winter of Waterloo.

Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the well known American musician, who for over forty years has been honorably filling the position of conductor of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, has handed in his resignation to the officers of that prominent oratorio organization. Mr. B. J. Lang, the former organist of the Society, has been chosen as conductor.

The recent demolition of the old Gewandhaus Hall of Leipzig has been the means of revealing the secret of the extraordinarily fine acoustics of this celebrated concert-room. It has been discovered that the unusually fine acoustical effects of musical performances in this hall were not the result of thought or accident. The achievement of the splendid acoustics of the old Gewandhaus is, upon examination, shown to be the outcome of a combination of favorable architectural moments. The concert hall alone and detached from its surroundings, could not alone have determined the question. The entire hall was, in a measure, suspended in a portion of the building proper, and this fact, combined with the large number of wooden beams supporting it, constituted a sounding-board of the entire structure.

Heir Rosenthal, the eminent pianist, who played in Toronto some years ago, has been creating a wonderful impression in London, Eng. Many critics pronounce his playing as superior in technique and intellectuality, as well as in breadth and virility, to that of Paderewski, who for many years has been the lion of the British metropolis. It has been pointed out, however, that the absence of a hirsute chrysanthemum head covering in Rosenthal's case, who wears his hair closely clipped, has been responsible for a lack of the feminine enthusiasm with which "Hair" Paderewski is welcomed whenever he appears in London. As was the case with Samson, so it appears to be with many modern musicians—shorn of their locks they are at once deprived of their chief strength and glory.

A portion of the past week spent in the western part of this province enabled me to form an opinion concerning the progress which is being made in the cultivation of music in a section of our country which is at once the wealthiest and fleetest portion of the Dominion. As is the case elsewhere, centralization is rapidly becoming the order of the day, a fact which is borne out by the establishment here and there of well equipped conservatories of music. Among the most recent of these newly organized institutions might be mentioned the London Conservatory of Music, Mr. W. Caven Barron director, and the St. Thomas Conservatory of Music, Mr. J. H. Jones director. Mr. Barron has from a modest beginning developed an institution which is certain to exert a marked influence for good in the musical enterprises of the Forest City. Over two hundred and fifty pupils were registered during the closing term of the past season, and new and handsome quarters have been engaged and are now being fitted up in anticipation of a large increase in attendance during the coming season. In St. Thomas, Mr. J. H. Jones is erecting a modern building for the use of his new undertaking, which when completed will be one of the most artistic and thoroughly practical in its equipments of any similar institution west of Toronto. Mr. Jones' venture deserves to succeed, as no doubt it will. This gentleman is well known as one of the most capable church organists

of the past season, and new and handsome quarters have been engaged and are now being fitted up in anticipation of a large increase in attendance during the coming season. In St. Thomas, Mr. J. H. Jones is erecting a modern building for the use of his new undertaking, which when completed will be one of the most artistic and thoroughly practical in its equipments of any similar institution west of Toronto. Mr. Jones' venture deserves to succeed, as no doubt it will. This gentleman is well known as one of the most capable church organists

of the past season, and new and handsome quarters have been engaged and are now being fitted up in anticipation of a large increase in attendance during the coming season. In St. Thomas, Mr. J. H. Jones is erecting a modern building for the use of his new undertaking, which when completed will be one of the most artistic and thoroughly practical in its equipments of any similar institution west of Toronto. Mr. Jones' venture deserves to succeed, as no doubt it will. This gentleman is well known as one of the most capable church organists

Calling the Young Men Down

Hartford Times.

The minister of a congregation in an agricultural district was greatly annoyed Sunday after Sunday by the unruly conduct of the junior members of his flock. When any one of the younger representatives of the gentler sex got weary of the evening service she would invariably rise and go out. A moment later her admirer would seize his hat and sheepishly follow her. To such an extent would this course of action prevail that by the time the

One Bright Spot



Rev. Howler Loud—Is it true that you fainted in your husband's arms just after your wedding ceremony?

Mrs. Coldcash—Yes, and that's the only time in his life he ever supported me.

(Copyrighted)

in the province. It was my pleasure last Sunday evening to attend service in Trinity Episcopal church, St. Thomas, where Mr. Jones is organist and choirmaster, and I cheerfully bear testimony to the excellence of a service which for precision in attack and distinctness of enunciation in the chanting of the Psalms, and general smoothness of the organ accompaniments throughout the service, but very few churches in Canada could equal.

Mathias Sieveking, Holland's most famous composer and pianist, has been engaged for a series of recitals in America during the coming season. This remarkable performer will likely be heard in Toronto at some period of his tour. Herr Sieveking is a great believer in the system of physical training. He is said to be a wonderfully powerful man and a striking personality.

A very successful *soiree musicale* was given on Thursday of last week in the music hall of the Ontario Institution for the Blind, Brantford. The programme was carried out by a number of well known Canadian musicians, among whom might be mentioned: Mr. George H. Fairclough, Mr. Frederic Rogers, Mr. J. Edmund Jaques (principal of the musical department of the Institution), and Mrs. R. J. Smith. The guest of the evening, Mr. Fairclough, was allotted the lion's share of the programme and played during the evening a number of representative organ and piano solos, including several movements from Salomé's First Organ Sonata; Bach's Great G minor Fugue; Chopin's Nocturne in D flat for piano, and a group of organ solos by Rheinberger, Lucas and Gounod-Archer. Local papers unreservedly praise Mr. Fairclough's excellent technical ability and his refined musicianship generally. His organ numbers were all warmly applauded and the piano solo enthusiastically encored. The vocalists all sang in their usual admirable style and added much to the enjoyment of a delightful programme throughout. At the conclusion of the programme the guests present were entertained by Mr. Jaques, the host of the evening. Light refreshments were served and a very enjoyable social hour spent by all present, among whom were a number of Brantford's leading citizens and visitors from Toronto, Chicago, Portland, Boston and other points.

His many friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. A. S. Burns, organist of McCaul street Methodist church, who has been seriously ill for some time, is rapidly recovering and expects soon to be at his post again.

Miss Anna Butland of Toronto, a former pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison and winner of the Conservatory of Music gold medal in last year's competition in the piano department at that institution, has been playing with marked success at a concert recently given in Bonn, Germany, where she is at present continuing her studies. The *Neue Bonner Zeitung* of June 21 speaks as follows concerning Miss Butland's performance at the concert mentioned: "After the opening organ solo, Miss Anna Butland appeared on the platform and gave much pleasure through a very clever and tasteful performance of Liszt's E major Polonaise. This young lady, a pupil of Herr Musiker Lehrer Fehr of Bonn, proved herself to be a talented pianist who has made decided progress towards the acquisition of real artistic proficiency. Her technique has been systematically developed, her interpretation gave evidence of an intelligent musical perception, and the excellence of her phrasing deserves special mention. The audience warmly applauded Miss Butland's efforts, who responded by playing Hensel's well known Etude in F sharp major."

A *soiree musicale* was given at Long Branch on Saturday afternoon last by Miss Adelina Dinelli, violinist, Signor Giuseppe Dinelli, cellist and pianist, and Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone. The programme, as might have been expected, was an artistic treat of a high order.

Mr. W. E. Rundle, the well known tenor, has been specially requested by the Pan-American Congress to sing Adam's *Holy City* at the meeting to be held to-morrow afternoon in the Pavilion.

MODERATO.

—

MISS M. F. BOYLAN

TEACHER OF

Piano, Flaging and String Instruments

15 Granville Street, or at Rolleson House.

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director

Special Summer Normal Session July 3 to

August 3, 1895

60 LECTURES AND CLASS LESSONS

Designed for music teachers, advanced music students

and others.

H. N. SHAW, B.A., PRIN. EDUCATION SCHOOL

Summer Session for teachers, public readers, clergymen,

speakers, etc.

Conservatory Calendar and Summer School

Prospectus Sent Free

—

W. H. HEWLETT, Organist and Choir-

master Carlton Street Methodist Church.

Tel. 3985. Teacher of Piano and Organ

Address 615 Yonge St., or Toronto Conservatory of Music.

—

J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE, Solo Flute

1st. Teacher of Flute and Piano at the Metropolitan

College of Music. Accepts concert engagements and pupils.

AVON-BANK, Humber Bay, Ont.

—

W. J. McNALLY

Organist and Choirmaster Beverley Street Baptist Church.

Musical Director Toronto Vocal Club.

Teacher of Piano at the Toronto College of Music.

Residence—32 Sussex Avenue

—

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.

Teacher of Piano.

271 Jarvis Street. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

—

MR. V. P. HUNT

Studied at the Leipzig Conservatory of Music with Dr. Carl Reissack, Prof. Dr. Papperitz, Herr Bruno Zwischen.

Teacher of Piano at Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Director of Music at Duncoll Ladies' College, Oshawa.

Organist and Choirmaster St. Michael's Church, Oshawa.

Residence, 106 Mainland Street

—

MR. GEO. BRAME'S Vocal Classes for

the study of Singing, Part Singing and Theory,

every Monday and Tuesday evening. Terms by letter.

Dr. R. S. Williams & Son, 115 Yonge Street.

—

HERBERT LYE

TEACHER OF THE FLUTE

Soprano and ordinary systems.

53 Gloucester Street

—

Calling the Young Men Down

Hartford Times.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC (LTD.), in affiliation with the University of Toronto, Pembroke St., Toronto.

Patrons—The Gov.-General of Canada and Lady Aberdeen.

Thorough musical education in all branches. Prof. T. T. Thompson, Music Director. George Goodman, Pres.

—

MISS MINNIE TOPPING

Pupil of H. M. Field. Concert Pianist

Pupils and concert engagements accepted. Address—129 College Street, or Metropolitan College of Music.

—

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON

Violinist, Conductor of Toronto Ladies' String

Orchestra, will receive pupils at her residence.

67 Bloor Street East

—

MDME. STUTTAFORD, Pupil of the late signor Lablache, who taught her to sing Queen Victoria's vocalizations. Glib tongue, good intonation in Voice Culture, Singing Style and Breathless Italian method, also Pianoforte.

185 Church St., Toronto. Terms moderate.

—

MISS H. M. MARTIN

Certified teacher VOCAL and PIANO, of Toronto College of Music. Vocal pupil of Mr. Haslam. Piano pupil of Mr. Field. Address—43 Wellesley Street, or Metropolitan School of Music.

—

MISS C. M. CARTER

Pupil for vocal or piano and concert engagements accepted.

333 George Street, Toronto.

Or Metropolitan College of Music.

—

HELEN M. MOORE, Mus. Bac.

PIANO and THEORY

Experienced in preparing students for the Toronto University examinations in music.

Piano pupil of H. M. Field. Address—232 Jarvis Street, or Toronto College of Music.

—

STAMMERING CHURCH'S AUTO-

VOICE SCHOOL, 53 Alexandra St., Toronto.

No advance fee. Cure guaranteed. Stammering in English, German and French permanently cured.

—

FOR SALE PIPE ORGANS

ONE—2 MANUALS 23 STOPS.

ONE—2 MANUALS 11 STOPS.

ONE—MANUAL 6 STOPS.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

Write for specifications and special prices.

EDWARD LYE & SONS

ORGAN BUILDERS

18, 20 and 22 St. Albans Street, Toronto.

—

ARTISTS.

J. W. L. FORSTER ARTIST

STUDIO 81 KING STREET EAST

—

MISS EDITH HEMMING ARTIST

PORTRAITS AND MINIATURES

Studio, 16 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Telephone 2740.

—

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE

PHOTOGRAPHER

HAS REMOVED TO

Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts.

July 20, 1895

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

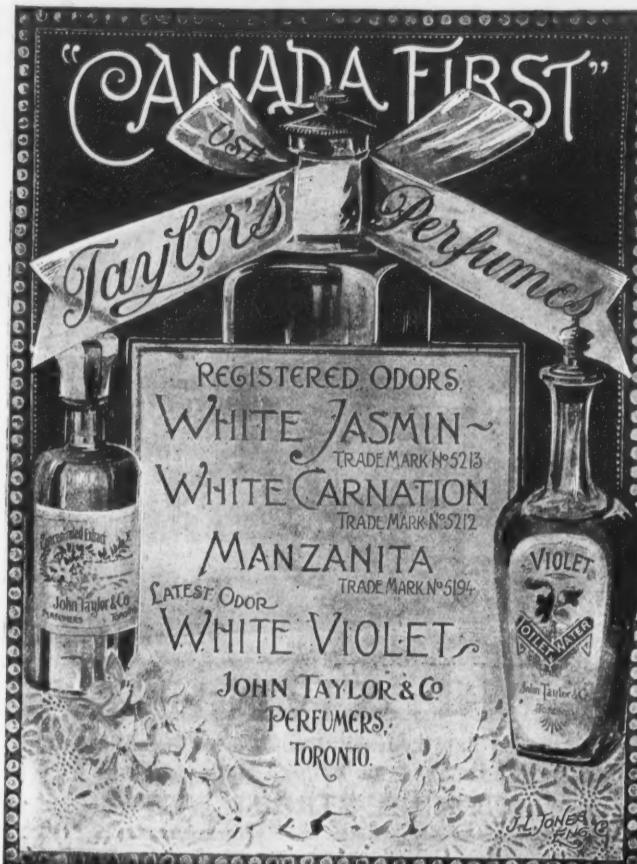
Social and Personal.

On Thursday of last week a farewell reception was given to Rev. E. Vicar Stevenson at St. Stephen's school-house. The reverend gentleman has been very successful in his three years' curacy at St. Stephen's, and Mr. Canavan read a very eulogistic address expressing the sense of gratitude felt by the congregation for the work of Mr. Stevenson. Testimonials were also presented by the Boys' Brigade and the Sunday School. Mr. Stevenson goes to a charge in Peterboro'.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Bowes Sutherland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander M. Sutherland of Carnegie avenue, East Orange, to Mr. Tor Pyk of Stockholm, Sweden, which came off at high noon on July 9, was an occasion of more than usual interest. A large number of invitations had been sent out for the affair, and Bick Presbyterian church, East Orange, where the wedding took place, was filled by a stylish and fashionable throng. The ceremony was solemnized by Rev. Dr. F. Marion McAllister, rector of Trinity church, Elizabeth, brother of the late Ward McAllister. The procession entered the church in the usual order, led by the ushers, Messrs. Edward A. Weeks and J. Arthur Fisher of Elizabeth, and Walter M. Saunders and Vincent Mulford of Montclair. Next came the bridesmaids, walking two and two. The first two wore white Swiss muslin over yellow. They were Miss Isabel Sanders of Montclair, and Miss Anna G. Oddie of East Orange. The next two wore white Swiss muslin over lavender, and they were Miss Mae Carlton of Elizabeth and Miss Florence Sutherland of East Orange, sister of the bride. Next came the maid of honor, Miss Marion Sutherland, a sister of the bride, gowned in white silk. Both the maid of honor and the bridesmaids wore white chip hats trimmed with ostrich feathers, and carried large bunches of marguerites. Lastly came the bride on the arm of her father, by whom she was given away. Her gown was of white duchesse satin with pearls and the usual *tulle* veil. She carried a bouquet of white carnations. The best man was Mr. J. Marshall Saunders of New York. The decorations of the church were of palms and marguerites. There was no reception, only the bridal party and a few intimate friends sitting down to the wedding breakfast at the home of the bride on Carnegie avenue. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Pyk left for Spring Lake, where they spent a few days. They sailed for Europe on Saturday on the *Maasdam*, of the Netherlands line, passing the summer in travel in England, Germany, France and Sweden, and in the fall leaving for South Africa.

One of the prettiest social events of the season in Wiarton took place on July 3, the occasion being the marriage of Rev. Gerald T. A. Willoughby, recently transferred to Sarnia from Carlingford, to Miss Anna Walker, daughter of Rev. R. Walker, pastor of the Methodist church, Wiarton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. Walker, father of the bride, assisted by Rev. Dr. Willoughby of Listowel, father of the groom, taking place in the Methodist church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the seats of the guests being uniquely divided by floral columns and white satin streamers. The bridal party entered at noon to the strains of the bridal march from *Lohengrin*, the bride leaning on the arm of her father and looking charming, attired in a costume of white silk, wearing the regulation veil and orange blossoms and carrying a shower bouquet of white bridal roses and ferns. The bridesmaid, Miss Hattie Walker, sister of the bride, looked lovely in a pale blue shot silk gown, wearing a cream picture hat and carrying a shower bouquet of cream roses. Little Miss Kathleen Watson, the six-year-old niece of the groom, acted as maid of honor, and looked very quaint and pretty in an Empire gown of cream silk, with large picture hat and bouquet of *Gloire de Dijon* roses. Mr. John Morrow, B.A., of Fullarton was groomsmen, and the ushers were Mr. Harold Willoughby, Mr. Willoughby Walker, and Dr. Elliott Holmes. At the conclusion of the ceremony, as the happy couple left the church Mendelsohn's Wedding March was rendered and the little maid of honor strewed roses and daisies in the bride's path. The guests repaired to the parsonage and there partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast. The parsonage was artistically decorated with palms, ferns, orchids and water-lilies for the interesting occasion. The presents were handsome and numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby left on the afternoon train for their home in Sarnia amid the hearty congratulations of their many friends.

Trinity church, Barrie, has been the scene of many pretty weddings, and one of the prettiest and most interesting of them took place on Wednesday of last week, when Miss Kortright, daughter of Sir Cornelius Kortright, K.C.M.G., was married to Mr. William McPherson Campbell of Barrie and Stayner. The body of the church was exquisitely and profusely decorated with flowers, ferns and rustic work. In the chancel was erected a very pretty arch of ferns and marguerites, while the altar abounded with ferns and lilies. As the bride entered the church, leaning on the arm of her father, followed by her four bridesmaids—Miss Cotter, her sister, Miss Ida Kortright, Miss Campbell, a sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Lily Whish, a cousin of the bride—the choir rendered the beautiful hymn, *The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden*. The bride was attired in white duchesse satin, with white *chiffon* and pearl trimmings, brocaded train, veil and wreath, wearing a brooch consisting of double heart and crown of pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, and carrying an exquisite shower bouquet of roses and white heather. The bridesmaids were gowned in white silk, with large white hats trimmed with *chiffon*, and each carried a bouquet of damask roses. Each also wore a handsome gold brooch with pearl initials, the gift of the bridegroom. The groomsmen was Mr. G. Douglas Palmer of Niagara Falls. The service was conducted by Rev. Canon Reimer, assisted by Rev. Canon Murphy of St. Paul's, Innsbruck. The bride was given away by her father. The ushers were Dr. Arnall, Mr. Burton of Toronto, Mr.



H. E. Choppin, Dr. H. C. Crease, Mr. Davidson of Toronto, Mr. McDonald and Dr. W. A. Ross. After the ceremony a reception was held at Hillside, the residence of Sir Cornelius Kortright, after which Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left by the afternoon train for Toronto *en route* by the Sardinian for England and the Continent. The bride's costume *de voyage* consisted of a crepon dress of very pale green with silk stripes of *vieux rose*, trimmed with *vieux rose* satin, Napoleon hat of straw, with *vieux rose* satin and malze chiffon.

Mrs. W. A. Skirrow of Linden street is visiting Mrs. Van Norman at The Cedars, Lake Simcoe.

Sunlight Books for Sunlight Soap Wrappers

A useful paper-bound book, 160 pages, sent post-paid for every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers

LEVER BROS., Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

The Diamond Engagement Ring

is usually a solitaire, but then it's a matter of taste, frequently the three-stone and sometimes the twin and cluster are patronized. Our stock embraces a large variety of every style of setting—including the diamond in combination with every other precious stone.

Years of experience and cash buying enable us to give our customers the very best value.

144 YONGE ST.

KENTS'

White China FOR DECORATING

An assortment that, in size and variety, has no compare in the Dominion.

Never mind if not painting now; you'll not be able to see the stock, perhaps, when you are painting.

We're going out of business, and at present any individual can buy any article at less than our actual wholesale price.

Worth buying now—is it not?

JAS. A. SKINNER & CO
(IN LIQUIDATION)
54 and 56 Wellington Street West
TORONTO

Elliott & Son INTERIOR DECORATIONS WALL PAPERS STAINED GLASS.

94 Bay Street

BRANTFORD LADIES' COLLEGE

AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

POINTS TO BE NOTED.—(a) The Faculty consist chiefly of specialists trained in European schools and Toronto University. (b) Resident pupils in Instrumental Music and Vocal Culture, while profiting from the social life in the college, have equal advantages with those in the conservatories. (c) The curriculum in English and Mathematics is equal with Toronto University. (d) Fees moderate for advantages afforded. (e) College is open Sept 4, '95. For new and illustrated calendar address—MRS. MARY ROLLS, Lady Principal.

SUMMER REPORTS.

The Monteith House MUSKOKA

is beautifully situated within two hundred yards of THE FAMOUS SHADOW RIVER

Has the most modern sanitary arrangements of any hotel in this region and has daily mail and express. Telegraph office in the building. Cuisine first-class.

Rates cheerfully quoted on application to—JOHN MONTEITH, Proprietor.

The Hutton House MUSKOKA

This delightfully situated house, 17 miles' sail from Gravenhurst, is this season under new management, and combines among others the following advantages, viz.: Picturesque scenery, dry pine-laden mountain air, pure spring water and excellent fishing. Daily mail and express.

Mrs. G. KAVANAGH, Proprietress.

Windermere House Windermere, Muskoka

This favorite summer resort is delightfully situated on the shores of Lake Rosseau, and is now open for the reception of guests. The table is plentifully supplied with all the season's delicacies. Nice sandy beach for bathing and daily mail, express and telegraph from all points.

All inquiries receive prompt attention.

THOMAS AITKEN, Proprietor.

PROSPECT HOUSE Port Sandfield, Muskoka

This poplar and well known first-class hotel is now open for the reception of guests. Situated at the junction of Lakes Rosseau and Joseph, and being 800 feet above Lake Ontario, the locality is the most delightful in the Muskoka region. Still under the personal management of Enoch Cox, Proprietor.

Rates on application.

ENOC COX, Proprietor.

Telephone 235.

54 and 56 Wellington Street West

TORONTO

99

Ferndale
LAKE ROSSAU
MUSKOKA

This hotel is situated among the best fishing and hunting grounds in the Dominion.

Daily mail and express in connection with the house.

Reasonable weekly rates. For illustrated pamphlet address—

R. G. PENSON, Proprietor.

Telephone 235.

54 and 56 Wellington Street West

TORONTO

99

SUMMER REPORTS.

Woodington House

LAKE ROSSAU, MUSKOKA

This entirely new house, one of the finest on the lake, is now open for the reception of guests for the season of 1895.

Particular attention paid to the table, with prompt and efficient service in every department.

M. WOODS,
Owner and Manager.

99

ROSTREVOR

Lake Rosseau MUSKOKA

Three Miles North of Windermere

Beautifully situated, with extensive sandy beach, perfectly safe for bathing. Close to steamer route. Room for a few cottage boarders during July and later part of August. Terms moderate. Apply to—

A. DINSMORE, Windermere P. O.

99

HAMILL HOUSE

Lake Joseph, Muskoka

The location of this hotel is not surpassed by any resort in the region. Since its close last season many improvements have been made, new verandas added, etc. Home-like in all appointments.

99

THOMAS HAMILL, Proprietor.

99

HOTEL HANLAN

TORONTO ISLAND, TORONTO, ONT.

CANADA'S FINEST SUMMER RESORT

M. A. THOMAS, Manager.

OPEN JUNE 24th

Hotel remodeled and refurnished throughout. Excellent Boating, Bathing, Fishing, etc.

For terms, etc., apply to—

F. M. THOMAS.

99

The

Penetanguishene

PENETANGUISHENE, ONT.

Canada's Great Summer Resort

OPEN JUNE 15

Fishing, Boating and Bathing unequalled. Fine Lawns for Tennis, Croquet, Bowling, &c. Excellent Cuisine. Pure Spring Water. House refitted with electric lights, &c. Fifteen rooms have been added.

Music during meals and in evening. Send for booklet.

M. A. THOMAS, Manager.

99

IS NOW OPEN

Only summer hotel north of Toronto first-class in all appointments. Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Lawn Bowls, Tennis, Bowling Alleys, Electric Lighting, &c. Excellent steamboat connection with G. T. R. at Barrie.

Full particulars, office of M. MCCONNELL, 46 Colborne Street, Toronto, or the MANAGER at the Hotel.

99

BELVIDERE HOTEL

PARRY SOUND

This beautifully situated hotel, entirely under new management this season, is

NOW OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS

The cuisine arrangements are first-class, and the location unsurpassed.

Daily mail and express office.

WM. J. BRADLEY, Manager.

99

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

HOTEL CHAUTAUQUA

\$1.50 and \$2.00 per day. \$8 to \$12 per week.

Special rates for families. Saturday afternoon to Monday morning \$3. Beautifully situated on the lake. First class in every respect.

MRS. DUCKWORTH, Manager.

99

HOTEL LOUISE

LAKE PAME

Open for guests Jan 10. Strictly first-class. Rates, \$8 to \$10 per week.

E. A. PATTERSON, Manager.

99

Niagara River Line

CHANGE OF TIME

The 9 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. Trips are

Discontinued

CHICORA will take CIBOLA time, leaving

Toronto 11 a.m., 4:45 p.m.

CHIPPEWA will leave at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m., as usual.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

99

Niagara Falls Line

Hear
Our...
Transposing
Pianos . . .

And you will be so favorably impressed with this invention that

—Transposes any music
—into any key by a simple
—lever movement in a second.

That you will not rest until you have one for yourself.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
117 King St. West, TORONTO

Wall Papers

In all the latest designs, at close prices. Also relief materials in original designs.

Wood Floors

In plain and Mosaic patterns. Wood Carpet, Borders for rugs, &c.

Grille Work

For Arches and Doors, in turned and twisted wood.

William H. Elliott

(LATE OF ELLIOTT & SON)
40 KING STREET EAST

Social and Personal.

At St. Thomas's church, Hamilton, on Wednesday, Miss Doris Gilmore, daughter of Mr. William Gilmore, was married to Mr. Gibson Fullerton Arnold of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Canon Curran in the presence of a few friends of the young people. The bride wore a costume of fawn silk with rose silk bodice and white picture hat, and carried a bouquet of roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Minnie Wagner, wore pale blue crepon, with a bouquet of yellow roses. The groom's present to the bridesmaid was a diamond pin.

At Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are registered: Mr. J. A. Northey, Mr. G. Bryant, Mrs. T. P. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker, Mrs. J. H. McCollum, Miss A. Wilkinson, Mr. John A. Walker, Mr. Thomas O'Neill, Miss Maggie O'Neill, Miss Lucy Booth of Toronto, Mr. F. C. Davis of Kingston, Miss Annie Saunders of Detroit, Mr. W. M. Gartshore of London, Mr. G. B. Morris of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Fowlds, Miss Fowlds of Hastings, Miss Bertram, Miss M. Bertram, Miss Louie Scarfe, Miss Gertrude Scarfe, Mr. Reginald Scarfe, Mr. J. A. Philp of Brantford, Miss Masters of Guelph, Mrs. Coppering of Hanover, Judge Chisholm of Berlin, Miss Farren, Miss Rance of Clinton, Mr. Ward Cutler of Belleville, Mr. J. K. Ohlman of Beatrice, Neb., Mr. A. C. E. Dalmeg of Montreal, Mrs. F. Workman, Miss Minnie Workman of Ottawa, Mr. S. D. Marlatt of Oakville and Miss M. Witter of Shelburne.

Lieutenant W. S. Mackay, of the 22nd Batt. Oxford Rifles, is taking a special course of instruction in the Royal School of Infantry, London.

Dr. Maguire of Detroit, Mich., is spending a week with his sister, Mrs. William Clarke, Beatty avenue, Parkdale.

Misses Jennie and Jessie Bannister are on an extended visit to their sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Gilchrist of New York.

The following are registered at the Chautauqua Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake: Mr. and Mrs. P. Taylor Bryan of St. Louis, Mr. Theo. L. Pitt, Mr. E. D. Pitt of Niagara Falls, Mr. W. J. McFaul of Buffalo, Miss Kate Miracle of Webster City, N.Y., Mr. Clarence Russell of Toronto, George St. Lewis, M.D., Mr. F. D. Love of Buffalo, Miss F. Baumgarten, Miss L. Boyle of Baltimore, Mr. A. O. Andrews, Mr. J. H. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gould of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Brown of Buffalo, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Miss Mary Jeffery of Toronto, Mrs. T. Webber, Miss Constance Webber, Miss Alice Webber of Jersey City, Mr. and Mrs. B.

TORONTO ONE DAY ONLY

MONDAY, JULY 29

Barnum & Bailey GREATEST

SHOW ON EARTH

1,000 PEOPLE EMPLOYED

Grand New Ethnological Congress

OF STRANGE AND SAVAGE PEOPLE

TRILBY ON HORSEBACK

ONLY LADY CLOWN
ONLY LADY KING MASTER

GRAND WATER CARNIVAL

Champlain Log Rolling, Fancy Swimming and

THRILLING HIGH DIVES

From the Roof into 5 Feet of Water.

Sublime Equestrian

Tournament

May Pole Dance

Fox Hunters' Meet

Cossack Encampment

JOHANNA THE GIANT GORILLA

TRAINED

Animal Exhibition

Wild and Domestic Beasts Per-

forming at once in an

IRON-BARRED

Arena.

16 CHAMPION MALE AND FE-

MALE BARE-BACK RIDERS

30 Clowns of All Kinds.

50 Cages of Wild Beasts.

24 Trained Elephants.

50 Aerial Artists.

60 Riders, Jockeys and Drivers

20 Kinds of Races.

300 Circus and Aroscopic Per-

formers.

24 Wisest Elephants.

3 Big Circus Rings.

2 Elevated Stages.

1 Mammoth Race Track.

1 Steel-Barred Animal Arena.

2 Managers of Wild and

Trained Beasts.

20 Giant and Pigmy Quadru-

peds.

100 Circus Acts and Displays.

12 Water-proof Canvas Tents.

400 Superb Horses and Ponies.

1,000

WONDERFUL

SIGHTS

Performances Daily at 2 and 8 p.m.

Admission to All - - - 50 Cents

Children Under 9 Years Half Price.

RESERVED SEATS at regular price and admission

tickets at usual advance as

A. & S. Nordheimer's Music House

15 King Street East

Watch for the New Street Parade

WITH THE SOVEREIGNS OF THE WORLD

M. Arons, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hirsh of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. J. Kingsland, Mrs. W. H. D. Barr of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Alkins, Miss Atkins, Master Harold Alkins, Miss Somerset, and Mr. and Mrs. William McGill of Toronto.

The marriage of Mr. James P. Gander, son of Mr. Thomas Gander of Parkdale, and Miss Rosalia McLean of Seattle took place last month at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McLean, parents of the bride. This wedding was remarkable in being celebrated shortly after midnight, and the wedding breakfast was *tres matinal*, being served before daylight in order that the bride and groom might catch the east-bound train from Fairhaven. Rev. Dr. Dickson of the Episcopal church performed the ceremony. Miss Cora Roll and Miss Louise Culver were bridesmaids; the best man was Mr. F. N. Culver. The house was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and shortly after morning dawned Mr. and Mrs. Gander set sail on their steam launch for Fairhaven, to spend the honeymoon with friends in the East.

Miss Emma Patterson of Pembroke is staying with Miss Smallpiece of Avenue road.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Shaw have returned from their wedding trip and will shortly take up their residence at 153 Close avenue, where Mrs. Shaw will be at home to her friends the first week in September.

Superfluous Hair

On any part of the body permanently destroyed by the new discovery "Pilaton" which is harmless and painless. Ladies are requested to give this remedy a trial and obtain a certain cure. No matter how strong the growth may be, it will be removed. Heavier growths may require more applications but the result will be the same.

Sent by mail on receipt of price \$1.00 secured from observation. Registered letters at our risk. Correspondence confidential. Mention this paper.

THE LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, Canada.

Agents wanted.

Pilaton

be removed. Heavier growths may require more applications but the result will be the same.

Registered letters at our risk. Correspondence confidential. Mention this paper.

Canvas Trunks



H. E. CLARKE & CO.
The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co. of Toronto, Ltd.
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF TRUNKS, BAGS AND FINE LEATHER GOODS
105 KING STREET WEST

Hot Air Furnaces



With Hot Water Combination if Desired.

Our...

Famous Florida

For Coal.

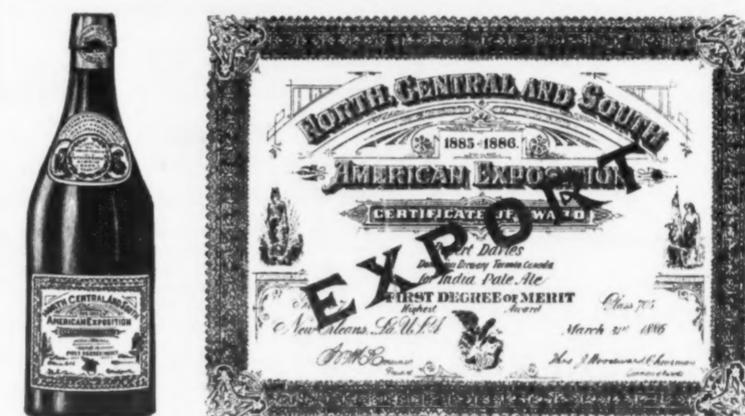
with steel dome, low steel radiator and three steel flues, is constructed on the principle of a brazier-burner stove, and is easily regulated as one.

The distance the heat has to travel compels its utmost radiation, and consequently insures great heating power with economy in fuel.

WE HOLD HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS FROM USERS.

THE MCCLARY MFG. CO.

LONDON, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.



Window Shades

FULL STOCK OF OUR CELEBRATED

Hand Woven Linens

(Of which we are the Sole Importers.)

Scotch Hollands...

With novelties in Venetian and Marie Antoinette Laces and New Croche Edgings and Laces.

Dark Green Hollands...

For darkening all kinds of rooms.

Every description of Window Blinds made and fitted on the shortest notice by expert workmen, at the lowest prices.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO. 34 King Street West TORONTO

CHINA HALL



A Choice Selection of WEDDING GIFTS
JUNIOR & IRVING 49 KING ST. EAST TORONTO

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

COOPER—Petrolia, July 14. Mrs. W. Cooper—a daughter. POWELL—Eglington, July 17. Mrs. F. Powell—a daughter. MILNE—Mansfield, July 12. Mrs. J. W. Milne—a son.

CAMPBELL—July 8. Mrs. Joseph Campbell—a son.

JARVIS—July 11. Mrs. E. Jarvis—a son. J. Jarvis—a son.

ELLIOTT—July 10. Mrs. J. Elliott—a son.

Marrriages.

CAMPBELL—KORTRIGHT—Barrie, July 10. William Macpherson Campbell to Mabel Kirkpatrick.

IRWIN—HUTCHINSON—July 13. Alex R. Irwin to Margaret Hutchinson.

PROUD—YARDLEY—Cuthbert, July 10. F. G. Proud to L. J. Yardley.

TWOKE—CHARLTON—Cuthbert, July 10. W. J. Twomey to Margaret O'Hare.

WARD—GOODMAN—July 10. Henry A. Ward to Annie B. Goodman.

WILSON—EARWOOD—Belleville, July 10. John F. Wilson to Ethel M. Earwood.

WINDRUM—WATSON—July 10. S. B. Windrum to S. Watson.

Deaths.

BOLIER—St. Catharines, July 10. H. K. Bolier, aged 76.

YATES—Chicago, July 10. Mrs. Anna Yates, aged 37.

DANIELS—July 15. John C. Daniels, aged 64.

HAMMOND—July 15. William Hammond.

KIRKPATRICK—July 10. Joseph Kirkpatrick, aged 56.

COLEBROOK—July 10. Henry Colebrook, aged 70.

DIXON—July 10. James Dixon, aged 70.

HICKMAN—July 15. Ernest E. Hickman, aged 21.

WILLMOTT—Milton, July 17. Austin Willmott, aged 84.

GODFREY—July 16. Adam Godfrey, aged 59.

WALTON—Walton, July 17. Charles Walton, aged 69.

WHITEHORN—Parry, July 18. Charles Whitehorn, aged 71.

TAYLOR—July 12. Harris Taylor, aged 75.

Special Drives

AT
McKENDRY'S</b